

The Congregational Quarterly

EDITORIAL

AFTER nearly two and a half years of war perhaps the most remarkable feature is the steadfastness of the British people. In all ranks of society is the same stern resolution, the dogged determination to see through what has been begun: sometimes it is almost amusing to hear blunt expressions of that sublime confidence which never dreams of the possibility of defeat—if Hitler had but realized the spirit he was rousing he would have thought twice before plunging the world into blood and tears—or he would have thought once, that would have been sufficient.

The quarter has seen the magnificent courage of the Russian Army and people, and the beginning of the flow of British and American help to the Eastern Front. In these last days a keen blow has been dealt to Hitler's prestige by the successful counter-attack on Rostov: this will greatly hearten the Russians and all their allies. It was interesting to note that while discussing help to Russia the President of the United States raised the question of religious toleration. The position in the Soviet Union is that while religious worship is permitted, all religious propaganda is forbidden, though anti-religious propaganda is allowed. What is now suggested—surely a reasonable demand—is that the same freedom to win people *to* Christianity should be given as there is to win people *from* Christianity, that is, the Soviet Government should show in practice the neutrality it protests in theory. It has been pointed out to the Soviet Ambassador that hesitations on this score may retard that help to Russia which is so urgently needed, and there lies before us a letter in which he promises to bring these considerations to the notice of his Government.

Fierce fighting is taking place in Libya at the time of writing; the situation there will no doubt be much clearer by the time these words are read. The same may be true of the Far East, where Japan is on the horns of a dilemma. Whether the combined ABCD front will impose caution in Tokyo remains to be seen; how the Japanese can withdraw from the China "incident" without "loss of face" is a problem which must keep Japanese statesmen awake at nights. Ruin faces Japan if she decides on extending her war, but it is doubtful whether anybody in Japan will have the courage to adopt a policy of withdrawal and peaceful co-oper-

ation. American firmness in regard to the Pacific has been a powerful help to Britain, and may prove decisive—and not only in regard to Japan. [Since these words were printed, Japan has made the fatal plunge, and the United States is in the War.]

While the spirit at home is beyond praise, there is still reason to doubt whether the powers that be have realized that a war of peoples is something more than a matter of armaments—it is a matter of brains, ideas, morale. Here, if we are winning the war, we do not make it apparent. It is not merely that everywhere one hears of—and sometimes experiences—muddling in Government Departments; it is that adequate information is not given, and what is given is often presented in a way that depresses rather than encourages. So it is that we have come to tremble when we hear the words, "It is explained in London . . ." and are irritated when time after time consecutive items in the news are an advance by the Germans and a speech by a Cabinet minister. Is there nobody in the Department responsible for the news bulletins with an understanding of human nature?

There may be good reasons for not giving regular statements of shipping losses; on that we must be prepared to abide by the decision of those responsible for the country's strategy. But is there any reason why, after a due interval, the country should not be encouraged by accounts of successes against submarines? Here is a story months old: A. was coming on leave from — in a convoy, which was attacked by a pack of — submarines. The convoy lost three ships, but 7 submarines were sunk.

If A.'s account of this episode be true, would the news not give a stimulus to all engaged in the war effort?

Of another aspect of the campaign, too, the country could hear more with advantage, though here again we recognize that in certain fields secrecy is essential: people would like to know more of what is being done to communicate with the German people, to know that we send out something at least as good as the German broadcasts in English. Why should there not be scattered abroad wherever there are Germans a cartoon by Low on "The Aryan Type—as blonde as Hitler, as slim as Goering, as handsome as Goebbels"? Admitted that the German sense of humour is defective, yet there are Germans who *would* laugh, and once they begin to laugh at the Nazi leaders the end is in sight. And if Low's cartoon makes Hitler an insignificant figure on the right and Goering's a dominating figure in the middle, well, it might be the last straw in the mutual suspicion which will precede the Nazi *débâcle*. Again, are steps being taken too to remind German women of all they have lost under Nazi rule? Higher education for women has ceased; while the majority may be content to become mere bearers of soldiers for the German Reich, many resent this

inferiority forced on their sex anew. Are steps being taken to feed that resentment?

The Government should rejoice that voices are raised in criticism, in the effort to speed the day of victory and peace. As we read Lord Gort's despatches, and Mr. Eden's confession of the woeful lack of preparation and equipment when commenting on them, we realized how much every Government needs vigilant watching and constructive criticism. Someday, perhaps, we shall learn why so little was done between autumn, 1938, and spring, 1940; we can be assured that that story will not have to be told again, but the knowledge that some of those responsible then are still in high place will always tend to keep criticism alive. This is a war for the people: the people have a right to know *all* that can be safely told, and a right to suggest and criticize. These are among the objects for which the war itself is being waged.

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WHEN victory comes what will happen? Shall we return to the old party, class, and economic strife? Shall we all begin to strike for increased profits, personal security? It will be so easy for a united people to split into warring factions. The experiences of the conquering Independents after the battle of Worcester should be a warning. The position as described by Dr. Wilbur C. Abbott in his mammoth *Writings and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* is paralleled in 1942:

Some of them even dreamed of extending that ascendancy and the principles for which they fought to every nation in the world. . . . It had seemed, too, that now the victory was won, there would be immediate leisure and opportunity to put into effect the dream of "building a new Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land". A century and three-quarters later another great revolutionary observed of the effects of the French Revolution that, "men, having achieved liberty, looked about and asked, 'What shall we do with it?' "

When the war has been won what a gigantic task will remain, even if we think of the political task only! What is to be the future of France, Italy, Poland, Central Europe, Russia? The bravest must tremble as they look ahead and see the chaos and the hatred that must be turned into order and peace. He is indeed blind and foolish who does not recognize that more than human wisdom will be needed if these appalling problems are to be solved, and more than human courage if they are to be even faced. Part of the difficulty will be, of course, that we shall be so conscious of previous mistakes; lovers of peace will be sensitive to the fact that their advocacy of peace, construed as weakness, helped to make war, and they will be confused and hesitant. In a striking book, *Europe and the German Question* (Allen & Unwin, 16s.), which

ought to be widely read, Prof. F. W. Foerster emphasizes the Prussian policy—"Erect a pacifist façade and behind it prepare the war of revenge". He shows how the German people themselves, and men the world over, have been bluffed and deceived by the leaders of Germany; the senseless devastation and destruction in France during the retreat of 1918 is described, and the reply of a German to a Swiss who asked, "After this, what will you do if you lose the war?" "Organize sympathy", was the answer—and how marvellously they succeeded, and how easily many of us fell into the trap.

Prof. Foerster has long been known in England as a courageous and outspoken critic of his own country; as long ago as 1895 he was imprisoned for proclaiming the thesis of this book—that Germany, led astray by Prussia, and emphasizing the idea of the State rather than the super-national idea of Federation, was forsaking her true mission. Now, in exile, he has the post-Bismarckian period down to Hitler to provide lurid illustrations of his thesis. He accuses Germany of the "sin of war-making, of militarism, and of the idolatrous adoration of the state and of power". He shows how clever has been German propaganda in regard to the Versailles Treaty, so that other nations have been made to feel guilty of injustice, while Germany has never acknowledged and confessed her guilt in bringing about the first world war (in proof, chapter and verse are given abundantly). In 1922 even the Supreme Council of the German Evangelical Church issued a solemn declaration emphatically repudiating German war-guilt and stating that "unexceptional testimony is slowly but surely revealing to the world who were really responsible". Lord Snell is quoted as saying in 1919:

All might have been so different if only during the months after the Armistice you Germans had spoken a single word of sympathy for Europe, and of regret for what had been done, and given some trustworthy assurance that you had been converted from your former ways and were prepared to repair the damage done.

This repentance Prof. Foerster considers essential, for he believes that only by a return to Christian ideas can Germany be saved and Europe re-established. Germany, that is to say, must return to the ancient tradition—to the days before Christ had been replaced by the God of Power and War. That will mean that children, instead of being taught the National-Socialist conception of the State, the Prussian outlook, and the Pan-German idea, must have an entirely new education. Here is what Prof. Foerster would have us say today:

Let the criminals be sure that they will not escape punishment. As for the German people which has approved and

abetted all their crimes and allowed such men to rule them, it will not indeed be tormented or starved: but since it has proved incapable of governing itself, it will be subjected to the most rigorous international control. The education of its children will be taken for a long time out of its hands and will be restored only when there is sufficient evidence that the noblest German forces and traditions have regained their sway over German hearts.

The book was evidently written before the outbreak of the present War, and all that has happened since 1939 merely drives home what was already a terrible indictment. The Index, for a book of this kind, is less than adequate, and pp. 156, 259, 314 and 361 need attention. We end this paragraph, as we ended a perusal of the book, with the query in our minds whether after the victory the vanquished will not again set to work at once to "organize sympathy", cause dissension among the victors, and prepare for yet another war. Again we say that the best human wisdom will be needed, and more than that. Evidence accumulates, to our regret be it said, that there is something in the German people which lusts for power and delights in war. Prof. Foerster shows that this is no recent phenomenon, quoting among other things, the *Jungdeutschlandpost* of 25 January, 1913:

War is the noblest and holiest human activity. . . . The uttered wish for war is often idle chatter and ludicrous sabrerattling. But silent and deep in the German heart should live delight in war and longing for war.

How after the War Christians in Britain and the United States may make fruitful contact with those in Germany—and we still believe there must be many—to whom such doctrines are anathema will be one of the most urgent and most difficult post-war problems, for, if there is to be hope for the world, together they must immediately begin the task of educating German youth in saner ways.

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THOUGH the reader tires of Sir George Young's dazzling coruscations, he is constrained to admit that he has a remarkable verbal dexterity: thus the Lease and Lend Act is "the elimination of the unethical element of profit from a joint enterprise for an ethical purpose". *Federation and Freedom* (Oxford Press, 12s. 6d.) should be read by all affected by the war and interested in the making of the peace, for Sir George's cleverness with his pen but reflects a shrewd and well-equipped intelligence. He argues for a Federated Europe; not Mr. Streit's Federal Union, for that would make Britain not "Managing Director of a Free Federated Europe", but "Manager of the European Branch of American Capitalism". Britain, like Germany and the rest of Europe, must

be federalized, all divided into groups of seven to ten million people and joined in the Union. Sir George examines this scheme from all angles, setting it forth because

to free Europe from Hitler, we have not only to beat off the Germans with better planes, we have to outbid them with better plans.

This means that war aims and peace aims are inextricably woven together, for the war must be decided in terms of reconstruction.

Our "war aim" already is that of resisting until reconstruction based on conquest and coercion is abandoned. Our "peace aim" is that of so rallying all on a basis of Federalism and Freedom that German resistance is abandoned. In short, "war aims", the military conditions on which we will stop fighting, and "peace aims", the diplomatic conditions on which we will start negotiating, have become the same terms and will come at the same time. Our armistice conditions are the acceptance of our peace conditions. Our peace conditions are the acceptance of our post-war reconstruction.

There are few aspects of the international problem on which this book does not touch, always provocatively, and almost always suggestively. Let this paragraph on India serve as an example:

It is indeed ridiculous that the future of the world is being at present imperilled because English, experienced in India, refuse to allow Indians, educated in England, to experiment in ruling the Indian complex of races, regions, and religions under a form of Government, first evolved in England, that has failed everywhere else and only functions there by fits and starts. An extension of federalism from Europe to India and Asia would easily find an exit from this curious cul-de-sac.

Shortage of staff no doubt accounts for more slips than one generally sees in an Oxford book.

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THE few American visitors to this country rarely fail to be impressed by the presence of refugees from countries in German occupation, and to point out how remiss has been British propaganda in not emphasizing their presence. American talk about "rival imperialisms", still heard, though not so much now as a year ago, is checked when it receives visible evidence that Britain is waging war for the freedom of many small nations. The poignancy of the lot of foreign exiles came home forcibly the other day in St. Paul's Cathedral, when, by the courtesy of the Dean and Chapter, five Free Churchmen were invited to sit with Anglican and Orthodox clergy at the service for the Coming of Age of King Peter of Yugo-Slavia. To look at the faces of the royalties and governments of half-a-dozen countries, to see General de Gaulle and members of the armed forces of many lands, together with our

own King and Queen and Prime Minister—would have convinced the most ardent isolationist that Britain was not fighting for itself alone, but was championing the cause of many oppressed peoples.

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THE Rev. Hugh Martin has always been a protagonist for Christian union, and his new book, *Christian Reunion* (S.C.M., 6s.), continues his advocacy. Extremists in all camps will disagree with his views, but he will carry many along with him, even those who feel that in his desire to conciliate Anglicans he is sometimes less than fair to Nonconformists. We do not think he is, and he does not hide his own Baptist convictions. While we believe that discussion of his handling of the subject would be all to the good, we cannot but think that the time for action has come, for the tide of events is running so strongly that all the denominations together may be left high and dry. A current reunion campaign, we must confess, leaves us quite cold. The union of the Churches will no more be brought about by printing names in a paper than the war will be won by scrawling "V" here, there, and everywhere. When we survey names of those who back reunion proposals the reaction is always, "Why don't they *do* something?" Has this professor offered to vacate his Chair so that his college may unite with another, has this minister offered to resign his pastorate in order that his church may unite with its neighbours?" No real union will come by pressing denominational organizations to impose union from above. It must begin locally. A leading Methodist layman recently said, "What is needed is not union, but co-operation. We've got Methodist Union, but not yet have we Methodist co-operation".

Time and time again in all kinds of political and extra-ecclesiastical associations we meet the assertion, "He is a Christian, but he belongs to no church". That process, a regrettable one, has accelerated since the war began, and it will not be stopped by talk. Mr. Martin relegates to a footnote the question of union between Free Church Colleges. That could take place at once—and a Free Church College be established in every University—with economy and increased efficiency, were there goodwill and an absence of vested interests. But Colleges are slow to move. We noticed the other day in F. J. Powicke's *D. W. Simon* that on his retirement from the Principalship of the United College in 1907 Simon said of his successor:

If he could get the College moved to Leeds, to be alongside and closely related to the University there, he would render splendid service not only educationally, but religiously. That is incontrovertible, but 34 years later the College remains where it was. And how long is it since another Baptist, J. H. Shakespeare, tried to get the Free Churches together? But little

has been done. But the War is giving a chance which should be seized, for the denominations should face the task of reconstruction together. The Bishop of Plymouth recently described a visit of Mr. Shoran Singha to a Plymouth meeting. He said, "As I walked along the road for about a mile to this meeting I counted ten large churches. Are they all filled?" The Bishop regretfully admitted that all the congregations would fit comfortably into any three of the churches, and received the reply, "Do you know that there are thousands of square miles in my country without as many churches as that?"

That is the scandal of our failure to co-operate: it wastes resources that are urgently needed for aggressive work.

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DENOMINATIONALLY the event of the quarter has been the resolution of the Congregational Union of England and Wales to embark on a Reconstruction Scheme which will involve the raising of a Fund of £500,000. No doubt the churches will rally to the call, and respond by raising this sum as they have responded to similar calls in the past. But the task of raising the Fund will be far from an easy one, and much will depend on the way the appeal is made.

In some ways the situation is curious. There is general agreement that, even after the Government has played its part in the rehabilitation of damaged churches, a large sum will be required. There is also agreement that we are legislating for an unknown future, for nobody knows when the war will end or what the problem will be. Care should be taken therefore to make the appeal not for a rigid object, "damaged churches" and the like, but for resources to meet a situation, at present unknown but certain to be serious and challenging.

And here we confess to misgivings: even already we are hearing less and less about the Scheme and more and more about the Fund; and at the same moment as assurances are given that the money is not being raised for "bricks and mortar", the words "Church Extension" are used as if they imply nothing but the erection of new buildings. There are signs too that the best administrative brains in the denomination are to be seconded for the raising of the Fund instead of being employed in thinking out a policy. For it is a policy for the future for which the Churches are looking — a picture of how best the whole resources of the denomination can be employed in work for the Kingdom of God. Some years ago Survey Committees prepared a report for the whole country: these should be made up-to-date and made public, with their suggestions how the churches can best serve their neighbourhoods, and at the same time there should be co-operation with all the Christian forces in each neighbourhood so that this

survey can be all-inclusive. The goodwill at present existing between the Churches should be capitalized in plans for co-operation.

We believe that nothing will ease the task of those who have to raise the Fund more than the confidence that the Union is raising money not in a mechanical way to erect new buildings and restore old ones, but to carry out a Scheme for aiding the Churches to become efficient instruments in the extension of God's Kingdom. That is why we consider all the stress of the appeal should be on raising resources to meet a situation now liquid which will not crystallize until the war is over. Were it not that it seems unwise to determinate *any* specific use for the Fund until the exact nature of the problem is known, we should be inclined to suggest that the only money spent on new church buildings should be that recovered from the Government, *plus* that received from the sale of superfluous and obsolete structures.

Buildings, at one period essential to the performance of the Church's work, may not be essential tomorrow. We must not trust to a Maginot line; the Christian army must be modernized and mechanized. Maybe the Fund could be employed in sending shock troops, specially trained young men and women under experienced leaders, for specific jobs in definite areas. Maybe it could well be used in training lay preachers, or in religious education, a real teaching ministry among adults and children. . . .

But why go on? The main thing is to show that the Churches have an open mind and recognize that they must be willing to employ new methods. Let it be proclaimed therefore that damaged church buildings have driven home the need for reconstruction and reorganization after the War, and that sacrifices must be made all round if the opportunity is to be seized. Let it be shown that the statesmen of the Churches have surveyed the ground and have a policy, that they are not going to pour money into enterprises which have already wasted much and cannot succeed, that they are attempting to settle their problems not separately but together, and that they are willing to try new methods to meet a new situation. The response, then, will be immediate and enthusiastic.

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A DISTINGUISHED scholar and preacher, who of late has been constrained to occupy the pew rather than the pulpit, recently remarked, "The trouble is that, if ministers can preach, they cannot pray". A great many worshippers would, we believe, agree with this dictum, and many ministers are only too conscious of the burden of public prayer. This subject came to mind in reading the Rev. G. W. O. Addleshaw's *The High Church Tradition*, reviewed within. Following Thorndike and others, he contends that

prayers of the minister's own choice or composition, however moving and homely they may be, can never compensate his congregation for being deprived of the liturgy. Such prayers are not the prayer of the Church, but the private devotions of the minister in which the congregation are allowed to share. They can never adequately represent the needs of the Church; in fact the only thing which they represent is the minister's own experience. Instead of being allowed to sink themselves in the age-long prayer of the *Corpus Christi*, the faithful have inflicted on them the minister's own personality. They are at his mercy; he can impose on them any religious or political eccentricity which at the moment has captured his interest or enthusiasm. . . . The Puritans maintained that extemporary services showed far more evidence of the Holy Spirit's inspiration than the formality and dignity of the Prayer Book. But . . . it is illogical and arbitrary to limit the inspiration of the Holy Spirit to the liturgical productions of individuals and to exclude it from . . . the product of the age-long wisdom and devotion of Christendom.

There is point in all this, and it is not sufficient to reply that the "disciplined and balanced" worship Mr. Addleshaw desires sometimes becomes lifeless, and even offensively so. Rather should his words be a challenge to all who have to conduct public worship. They will not despise the treasured devotional wisdom of the Ages, in the Prayer Book or elsewhere, but they will so prepare their prayers—and most of all themselves—that their services, "the work of liturgical amateurs", to quote Mr. Addleshaw, will never be "calculated to bring the work of the Holy Spirit into contempt and make Christian worship ridiculous". There can be a reality, an intimacy, in extempore prayer which a liturgy only rarely reaches; the man who comes from the presence of God, conscious only of Him and of the needs of the worshipping people, can lead them into the Holy of Holies and make them one with angels and archangels and the whole company of heaven. That our prayers often fail to do this we all realize, in humility and contrition. This realization, and Mr. Addleshaw's words, should constantly stimulate us to do better.

Written prayers at their best are to be found in *Daily Prayer* (Oxford Press, 5s.); the names of the selectors, the Dean of York and Canon G. W. Briggs, are in themselves guarantee that nothing cheap or trite will have place. The Preface quotes Isaac Watts's words about the limitations of extempore prayer:

We must avoid these two extremes: I, a confining ourselves entirely to precomposed forms of prayer; II, an entire dependence on sudden emotions and suggestions of thought.

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OXFORD octogenarians — or thereabouts — are a virile company.

Recently we had occasion to commend Dr. A. J. Carlyle's *Political Liberty* and Dr. R. R. Marett's autobiography. Now Sir Charles Oman comes along with a fascinating account of his early days and of life in an Oxford which has almost passed away. *Memories of Victorian Oxford* (Methuen, 15s.) will interest all Oxford men and all who read and write history. It tells of the "Reign of Terror" in Winchester in 1872, of the boy who preferred coins to games and history to philosophy, of a First in Greats and of the intrigue which, by preventing him from obtaining a Fellowship in his own College, led to the Fellowship at All Souls. Persons who have made their mark in the world were associated with the young Oman in early days — Anson and Curzon, Andrew Lang and F. W. H. Myers, the present Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Hensley Henson. As a Junior Fellow of All Souls, he was in attendance on Gladstone when he spent ten days in the College in 1890, and was greatly impressed by the old statesman. This was the more remarkable as, alike in university and in national affairs, Sir Charles has been consistently conservative throughout his long life. A Low Churchman, he has not been ashamed of his religion; as student and as Don he regularly attended chapel services and testifies to the place of worship in his life. There is little about Nonconformity in the book, though the rowdy debate when Robert Horton's nomination as Examiner in the "Rudiments of Faith and Religion" was rejected is described. Many a quaint survival from an earlier day, especially in Combination Rooms, appears in these pages, and altogether the book presents a picture of Victorian Oxford which will not lose in value as the years pass.

The books we have just mentioned make it all the more desirable that the earliest Nonconformists in Oxford, happily still with us, should give permanence to their own impressions. Some of them ceased to be Nonconformists, and of those who did not few now remain. Horton himself left some record of his phenomenal career in the University; this can be seen both in his *Autobiography* and in the chapters Sir John Marriott contributed to his *Life*. It is to be hoped that Dr. W. B. Selbie and Mr. Joseph King have committed to paper recollections of their undergraduate years. It must always be regretted that Vernon Bartlet left so little published work behind him. Especially should we have welcomed that keen mind playing on the Oxford of Manfield's earliest years. On the last morning we had with him he talked for an hour about Hort and his attitude to truth and knowledge: never have we wished so much for the gift of shorthand. He had been led to the subject of Hort by way of contrast with the method and outlook of a modern scholar: all he said was an amplification, though he did not use the words, of Bishop Ryle's dictum in the *D.N.B.*

sketch of Hort: "He aimed only at arriving at truth, not at confirming opinion". Perhaps, too, he was reflecting his own teacher's enthusiasm for the Anglican scholar, for in *Catholicism, Roman and Anglican*, Fairbairn pays a glowing tribute to Hort. If Bartlet could speak thus of a Cambridge scholar, with what insight could he have described his contemporaries throughout his long Oxford life!

Since that conversation a reading of Hort's *Life and Letters* has led to the surmise that that morning Bartlet was presenting an *apologia* for his own life, so striking, almost uncanny, seem the resemblances between the two men. There is the same pre-occupation with health, the same wide knowledge, the same keenness in the search for truth, the same eirenical spirit, the same caution and suspension of final judgment, the same possibilities of important contributions to learning, the same prodding of editors, the same consciousness of inability to say what they desired to say, and the same disappointing volume of publication. F. W. Cornish called Hort "the intellectual Puritan, who hates nothing more than premature generalisation". Could Bartlet be better described? About Hort, who must have driven collaborators and editors frantic, we propose to write on another occasion. Meanwhile we trust that Nonconformists who knew the Oxford of Sir Charles Oman and Dr. Marett have their stories ready.

And, while we are on this tack, may we say how deplorable it is that no Life of P. T. Forsyth has been written? One of the most distinctive Free Churchmen of his day, he had a decisive influence on the life and thought of his denomination. But how much do Congregationalists under forty know about him?

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In the October *Hibbert Journal* an important article by Col. E. N. Mozley deals with "Religious Liberty and the B.B.C.". Col. Mozley's outspoken criticisms are welcome and necessary, for in these days there seems a likelihood that the excellent start made by Sir John Reith and the first Religious Director, Dr. Iremonger, now Dean of Lichfield, may not be sustained: already in circles that are not irreligious the "Happidrome" is sometimes preferred to the Sunday evening service; and if often the 7.55 a.m. "Lift Up Your Hearts" talks are admirable, at times they are a matter *pour rire*, being trite (no, flippant reader, this is *not* a misprint) and platitudinous to a degree. Col. Mozley is most exercised, however, about the refusal of the B.B.C. to allow religious minorities to broadcast and its policy of preventing the expression of any views but those orthodox, conventional, and safe. He believes, and we cordially agree with him, that it would be better for religion, and for Christianity, to fight real enemies instead of meeting sham attacks.

Not so long ago a learned Canon took four broadcast periods, entitled "Three men and a parson", wherein he set forth his views on God and in which he said much about Christian dogma. We were evidently intended to understand that the three men were typical intelligent people who had thought much about these things. They replied at intervals and always showed a very accommodating disposition towards the Canon's arguments. They asked only acceptable questions. Inconvenient ones were never put. The affair might almost have been a Sunday School. [Col. Mozley's acquaintance with Sunday Schools is evidently limited.—ED.] Now, if you want a case fairly tried, one side must not be allowed to choose and instruct the other side's attorney. The Canon was a learned scholar. The critics of dogma and of other ecclesiastical matters should have been allowed to put forward equally well-informed and well-versed debaters, Professor Joad, for instance, or Professor Haldane. As it was, the Canon had it all his own way. But he might have found himself in difficulties, had someone asked him the right questions. The matter was no doubt well arranged by the B.B.C.

Those who did not hear these talks will find them in Canon F. A. Cockin's *Three Men and a Parson* (S.C.M., 1s.). Col. Mozley accuses the B.B.C. and its Religious Advisory Committee of being Dictators, and makes definite proposals for reform—regular meetings of the Committee, annual change of Presidency, annual reports, and:

The Director of Religious Broadcasting to be held by one man for a period not exceeding five years; provision to be made that clergy and laity alternate in the Directorship and that no one body, such as the Church of England, hold the post for an unfairly long time.

We trust that the Churches will press for consideration of these suggestions. Religious broadcasting will become not less but more important as the years pass, and it is the concern of all Christian people. We have long had it in mind to urge the presentation of a report on the work of the Religious Advisory Committee to the Congregational Union through its General Purposes Committee. The Union is represented on the Committee by its Secretary—and he is eminently suited for the task alike by his office and his person—but an opportunity should somehow be made whereby he could give an account of this part, as he does of the rest, of his stewardship. Just now, it is admitted that those responsible for the religious side of the B.B.C.'s work have a hard row to hoe, but they will be helped, and not hindered, by the interest and criticism of listeners.

In *The Power behind the Microphone* (Cape, 10s. 6d.) Mr. P. P. Eckersley, formerly the B.B.C.'s Chief Engineer, has

written an entertaining and informing book, which not only technicians who love the discussion of re-diffusion, wireless and wires, and television, should read. Mr. Eckersley has strong opinions, and he sometimes expresses them stridently, but it would be well if his ideas could be thoroughly ventilated. The author of the Regional Scheme, Mr. Eckersley has continued to develop his ideas; his policy is to make broadcasting "a witty and informed friend"; that can be accomplished by "broadcasting through wires", with the aim of securing a multi-programme service which is the counterpart of free speech and a free press. Mr. Eckersley is not afraid of commercial advertising; he deems its rivalry would be a stimulus to the B.B.C. and would be to the general advantage. Altogether this is a book to be read by all interested in this all-important means of communication, education, or what you will. Mr. Eckersley was probably not much interested in religious broadcasting, about which he says little.

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THE Rylands Library, Manchester, has been very fortunate in its first Librarian, and it is appropriate that Vol. 25 of the Library's *Bulletin* should be "In Honour of Henry Guppy". All who have used the Library know that Dr. Guppy's learning and efficiency are happily associated with a courtesy and willingness to help which make work in the Library a pleasure. What the Rylands Library has meant to the City and to the University of Manchester it is impossible to measure, while scholars from all over the world must now visit it to examine the many treasures it has accumulated in its brief existence. This volume accurately reflects the Library's wealth in books, manuscripts, and service. Prof. H. B. Charlton writes a cordial appreciation of Dr. Guppy; Mr. Thomas Murgatroyd, of the Library staff, follows with a bibliography of Dr. Guppy's writings, and Mr. Moses Tyson with a survey of the Library's forty years. From without come Sir Frederic Kenyon's "Testamentum Bibliotecarii" and an account of the Bodleian Extension Scheme by Bodley's Librarian. The Library staff takes up the tale again in Mr. Guthrie Vine's "Around the Early Spanish Version of Æsop's Fables", Mr. Wright Roberts's glimpse at the English autograph letters in the Library (a rich field for work here), and Mr. F. Taylor's account of Scipio Le Squyer's (1620-59) books and manuscripts. A former assistant, now Chief Librarian of the Toronto Public Libraries, contributes "Some Notes on Lord Sydenham" and Mr. Murgatroyd an Index to the 25 volumes of the *Bulletin*. The volume, which Prof. Charlton has edited, makes a worthy tribute to a fine scholar and public servant. Dr. Guppy has received many honours. It now remains for Manchester to confer on him the freedom of the city, as it did on Mrs. Rylands; then the end would crown the work.

THE reference to Congregationalists in Sweden in our last notes has brought many informing communications — among them letters from Dr. Douglas Horton in America, the Rev. Alexander McLeish of *World Dominion*, and Mr. Björn Hallström, the London Editor of the *Svenska Morgenbladet*, the daily national newspaper of the Swedish Free Churches. Other communications, we gather, are on the way; we hope to collate their information for our next issue.

* * *

ALL success to the City Temple in its appeal for rebuilding. The City of London is not itself without the City Temple, nor is Congregationalism, although there is little about Congregationalism in the attractive brochure, *Rebuilding the Temple* (1s.), which the Rev. Leslie Weatherhead has written: indeed, the only time the word "Congregational" appears is in the description of the Memorial Hall as "the headquarters of the Congregational Union". To thousands of Congregationalists the world over the City Temple is associated with some of the most inspiring hours of their lives; they will turn the blind eye, exercise a forgiving spirit, and express their gratitude for all the City Temple has meant to Congregationalism by sending a gift to Mr. Weatherhead or to Mr. Albert Clare, the City Temple's able historian, who writes a Foreword.

* * *

IN his *Retrospection* Lord Newton tells how Abdul Hamid frequently entertained diplomatists and their wives at lavish banquets in the Tildiz Palace, when conversation often languished. On one such occasion a lady, referring to a book which was being read in London, asked Abdul Hamid what he thought of *The Inner Life*. After considerable silence the Imperial interpreter solemnly announced, "His Majesty the Sultan considers that hot milk, taken just before going to bed, is an excellent thing for the inner life".

* * *

THIS quarter's test piece? Here it is:

Peace is only good when we receive it out of our Father's hand; it's dangerous to snatch it, most dangerous to go against the will of God to attain it. War is good when led to by our Father, most evil when it comes from the lusts that are in our members. We wait upon the Lord, who will teach us and lead us whether to be doing or suffering.

The date is 6 Nov., 1648, the writer Oliver Cromwell.

* * *

WE are grateful to those readers who are endeavouring, enthusiastically and successfully, to increase our circulation. Last quarter, in an effort to save paper, we cut our printing order very fine, with the result that we have now not a single copy left in stock.

If readers who have spare copies could let us have them for binding purposes, we should welcome a few.

A good many new subscribers have been enrolled recently, but we are anxious to recover all those readers who have been accustomed to obtain their copies through booksellers and newsagents. Many readers changed their residences, many newsagents have been blitzed, and, worst of all, the great London trade distributors was destroyed. This combination of calamities has resulted in a loss, we estimate, of 150 readers; and we are anxious to pick them up again. There is no reason now why readers should not be able to obtain copies at once on publication, either locally or directly from Independent Press, Memorial Hall, E.C.4. In case of any difficulty, please communicate with the Manager.

Please note that all letters to the Editor should be addressed to 35 Memorial Hall, E.C.4.

* * *

R. R. MARETT was travelling in a third-class carriage in a train in Scotland, when an old gentleman opposite suddenly observed,

“On such a journey as this I amuse myself by guessing the professions of my fellow-passengers. Now you have the hands of a workman, and yet there is an intellectual look about you. Are you by any chance a gardener who preaches on Sundays?”

“I congratulated him on his detective powers”, Marett records.

* * *

EVEN though it comes from the United States we cannot believe the story of the American child who returned home from Sunday School, saying he had learnt the 23rd Psalm, which he recited: “The Lord is my chaffeur, I shall not walk”. It does represent, however, the religion of some professing Christians we have known—those who sit at ease in Zion. Another story, from the same American periodical, we find more credible:

Magician (to small boy he has just called on to the stage):

Now, young man, you’ve never seen me before, have you?

Small Boy: No, daddy.

From a London Primary Department comes the report of a little girl who begged for many things and hinted about others in vain—that is, until she stood before a vase of flowers and said, “God Almighty wouldn’t be half-glad if I took those flowers home to my mum”.

RE-ENERGIZING RELIGION.

By the late FRANK PICK.

As far back as any trace can be found of conscious man, there was religion. It seems almost the first product of awakening intelligence. It is the first free mental activity as soon as the bare needs of existence are covered. It starts as an all-embracing conception, for everything that was common to man was included within its scope. All knowledge, for example, was accumulated there—the reckoning of time, the course of the seasons, when to hunt and when to plant, the first wild guesses of medicine, the use of fire and the care of its source on the sacred hearth that must never die out. The ordering of the home was there whether under the auspices of some rude totem, or of a departed ancestor, or of the familiar god of the domestic altar. These were but variant forms of a common idea, the family bond is rooted in religion. The regulation of the family too was there. Out of the indiscriminate welter of practices, religion set up taboos which eventually gave place to custom, custom later giving birth to law. The union of families in tribes, with duties and privileges, was consecrated through religion. The whole of rudimentary morals and politics fell within its control. This was all in addition to that common notion of religion, the propitiation of whatever there was beyond man, out of his grasp, out of reach of his mind, where he floundered and got lost often in nameless horrors, so that the treatment of fear in a world that appeared wrathful, arbitrary, inexplicable, was a main task, for fear was the dominant motive of early man. Companionship was almost the only remedy, so that whatever bound men together, that was religion. Even now it is implicit in the very definition of the word. Steadily that original, all-embracing religion has been broken up. Priestly lore became mere superstition. We almost think of it with contempt as narrow, abstruse, false; for we have travelled so far away from the days when it represented everything that held even a vestige of reason, of safety, that our judgment is hasty and warped. For us, history, science, philosophy, have taken over one part of religion, and giving themselves airs behave as though they were capable of being the whole. They offer us rationalism, knowing full well how feeble and circumscribed is our reason. They offer us scientific scepticism or agnosticism, which if they but reflect are a flat denial of the scientific impulse. They offer us theosophy or anthroposophy, which attempt to disown the discreditable, but essential, ventures of a clouded past. These are the

self-sufficiencies we invent in our pride that crash and fail us in a crisis. For us, ethics, law, politics, have taken over another part of religion. Ethics, claiming the lead, has again tried to cover the whole field, offering to us dry and cheerless nostrums in place of religion. What is worse than the conceit of good conduct? No one is good without a sentiment for goodness, and your ethical society will almost condemn sentiment. For all their self-satisfaction, theirs is an empty shell of religion, a framework without a motive force, a wonderfully ingenious clock, as it were, perfect in its complicated mechanical detail, but lacking a spring. Then society has developed outside religion in manifold variety, evolving a maze of institutions—educative, charitable, and benevolent, regulative and disciplinary, exercising and entertaining, argumentative and talkative. Run over in your mind all the forms which society takes in any town—Allotment Garden Associations and Pig Clubs, Chambers of Commerce and Trade Union Branches, Odd-fellows and Foresters, Sick Clubs and Bridge Clubs, football teams and literary guilds, Rotary and the British Legion, Women's Institutes and Men's Owns. That's barely a tithe, all moving separately to their separate goals and nearly all forgetting the principle of binding together—the here today and gone tomorrow brand of Society on a subscription basis—nearly all without a religious basis at all, which in ancient times each would have had. That is why social reform is so splendid on the one hand and a grotesque failure on the other, so full of promise and so empty of lasting result. Sometimes it is so really unsocial as to leave the public-house with so much attraction that it fills too large a space in the social picture. In a sense these changes were inevitable, for growth demands subdivision and specialization, but always some integrating activity must work in parallel with it, and this integration has failed us.

Religion, as we know it, has been left with the remnants of religion, as it used to be. It is still left with that which is beyond man for its sphere, which is not exactly barren (Heaven forbid!), but niggardly of practical usefulness. It has become a professional religion, a thing apart. It is also left with fear and the antidotes to fear that thousands of years of religious invention have stored up, saints and angels, purgatory and absolution, miracles and reliquaries. It is also left to deal with the failures of its rivals, those parts that have set up pretended or substitute religions of their own. They all come back home, so to speak; through salvation, a refuge for them is always kept open. Can these remnants fashion a tolerable garment in which to clothe our spirit? There is the problem. The worldly and successful who can shut their eyes to what is beyond, forget religion. The enthusiasts for good works, for reform, for social advancement, tend towards purely secular activities. They will almost disown religion as an outworn illusion

seeking only practical realization of their aims now. The other-worldly are few among us, as evidenced by our half-empty churches and chapels and meeting-houses, scarcely numerous enough in ordinary times to generate the heat that is required to fuse any religious fervour. The bees when they swarm not only conform with a social instinct but perform a physiological function; such is the ingenuity of Nature, for in swarming they raise their temperature until the wax begins to flow with which they build the hive. That may be a lesson to us.

There can be nothing more illuminating than the history of religion itself. For us, it falls into two distinct parts: first, all that leads up to the founding of Christianity, then, Christianity itself. It is idle for us to rummage about in oriental beliefs, because we are not orientals and our psychological constitution differs fundamentally from theirs. What notions of theirs appeal to us must be set in our Christian framework and transmuted to our needs. It is idle for us to devise new religions or surrogates for religion like rationalism, spiritualism, humanitarianism. Humanitarianism, once so popular, has proved almost our worst adventure in home-made religiosity, as the state of Europe at this moment abundantly shows. Such borrowings and imaginings happened before in Rome of the first century. Then there were Mithraists and worshippers of Isis, stoics and epicureans. They have all passed away, and the unrestrained, ill-mannered, revivalist early Christians have alone survived. We are in the Christian tradition and cannot escape it. We can refine, enlarge, develop it. We can and must transform it to meet our current needs and desires, but we must submit.

Without going outside the Old Testament, which as a record is unique and astonishing in the variety of its contents, we can snatch at religious ideas in the making. I can only take one or two by way of illustration. Take the idea of sacrifice, which begins in *Genesis* with hints of human sacrifice, until we arrive at the extraordinary story of Abraham's offering of Isaac. This is set there to mark the transition. No longer is the firstborn required, but God will provide by the ram caught in a thicket—so marvellously confirmed from the excavations at Ur of the Chaldees, where it became symbolic in golden altar ornaments. The transition is completed to animal sacrifices on a sensual plane to match sensual man, affording food and savour for the god and for the priests, not always omitting the worshippers. Then the idea divides and grows. At one time, it is propitiation of the god, at another time an offering of atonement, at still another time an offering of first-fruits with expectations of a liberal return; and so on. Amos, the herdsman of Tekoa, has left for us a vivid picture of the orgiastic festival in a pagan temple dedicated to Jehovah, even in his disgust:

I hate, I despise your feast days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer me burnt offerings and your meat offerings, I will not accept them; neither will I regard the peace offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols.

Then he sees through the sham, for he adds,

But let judgment run down as waters, and righteousness as a mighty stream,

and so lifts all up to a higher plane to match an increasing sensitiveness. A mere gift is no longer enough; an offering of self and service is what is wanted. Later still one of the post-Exilic psalmists out of the bitterness of his experience lifts it up still another step when he discovers that sacrifice is in the broken and contrite heart. So the idea flowers. And that is not all, for the common meal of the sacrifice becomes the germ of the sacrament.

The other illustrative idea must be briefly touched upon. It is the idea of the ransom. That ancient world was troubled by the inexplicableness of evil, by the inescapable burden of sin, by means of expiating sin. As far back as *Leviticus* we have the institution of the scapegoat chosen by lot to carry away the sins of the people into the desert. In that celebrated 53rd chapter of *Isaiah*, the idea has transcended itself almost as the man of sorrows, of which Christ was taken to be the fulfilment. Can there be a more startling example of the manner in which a religious idea can grow and adapt itself to the needs of the time, if religion remains alive and whole?

Through their misfortunes of captivity in Egypt and exile in Babylon, the Hebrews, by good fortune, had a religion which held the principle of life. Their own country, Palestine, was at a meeting of the ways of the civilizations of the time. The Middle East was a religious hot-bed to which the seeds of many religions were borne from Egypt, Syria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, there to struggle for mastery with the stubborn shoots of Hebraism and to yield something new in concept or imagination to enrich that faith. There was a compensatory factor at work. Yet Jesus, when He arrives, seems to cut through the whole lot. All the concepts and imaginations suddenly begin to be brought into focus at their highest level of attainment, to be related together as a consistent body of belief, in and through Him, so that He becomes the archetype in His own person. There can be no question but that He must be regarded as a climacteric. We reach the end of the old, we arrive at the beginning of the new. However Jesus may be regarded, whether as man or as God, or a combination of both, there can be no mistake about this. It is the turning-point in history, in ways of thought, in the science of religion, and in religion itself. The

surprising fact is that it all happened in about two years. It is indeed a point in time. It is as if a catalytic wire dropped into a solution which causes everything to crystallize out so that it can be seen clearly and plainly.

The new development proceeds on two separate lines, (a) the idea of a Church; (b) the widening vision of religion.

First, then, the idea of a Church, which has come to mean primarily a creed, a theology, and such like, on the one hand; and a form, a ceremony, a manner of worship, on the other hand. All these may be useful and helpful in their place in providing a discipline and a badge or sign which may be the foundation of an *esprit de corps*, but they are certainly not the vital essence of religion at all. They have obtained an exaggerated importance, and fill our histories and textbooks not for any good reason, but for an assortment of bad ones. They have proved the source of wars, persecutions, crusades, missions, vested interests, orders and hierarchies; of all those things of which tangible, sensible history is inevitably composed, of all those horrible and evil things which have darkened the course of history. Yet on the other side of the account we may remember that it was the Church which brought civilization out of the Dark Ages and safeguarded it through the Middle Ages until it was strong and independent. However, as we look back, we are warned not to confuse religion with propaganda for religion or the Church with the advertising apparatus of a particular church. If these were all swept away now, we should find religion in their ruins unimpaired.

Second, let us turn to the enlarging vision of religion which is the more important and significant. To begin with, we ask what is the distinctive Christian contribution? It appears to be three-fold: the acceptance of God as the Father in a personal relationship, so that contact between man and what is beyond man is once for all placed on a human plane; a faith in a future and a hope to realize it; the Holy Spirit, which may be interpreted as a world of spirit always there for us to draw upon.

What is most curious is how all those fields of thought which have fissured off from religion have borrowed from these essentially Christian ideas. For instance, science of its own necessity requires faith and hope or it would not have the courage to follow its triumphant explorations and discoveries. Out of faith and hope it builds the concept of progress, which is the inevitable key notion for these times, and, in its deepest sense, must be religious or lack driving power. There can be no more looking backward to a Paradise or a Golden Age, as was the pre-Christian habit, but a looking forward to a Heaven or a Millennium or some pale, secular imitation of them, which constitutes a vast difference of outlook. Philosophy comes to the point beyond which it cannot pass. It

beats around the boundaries of knowledge, like a caged bird, and is abashed. It then turns to the ideas of religion and tries to fit them into its scheme of things. Ethics seeks continuously and anxiously for a sanction to justify its precepts in the face of mingled good and evil, in the realization that without evil there is no good. It is confronted with the conflict between deeds and deserts; it is perplexed by the mal-distribution of rewards and punishments, which are the stock-in-trade of ethics. So it tends to turn to a world of spirit to offset or compensate the world of fact. Reward and punishment pass over subjectively into that spirit world. Social service goes about seeking a new world, a new order, and most loudly and confusedly at this moment. It affords an intriguing parallel, for in the time of Christ people were going about also seeking a new world, the new world which was known as the Kingdom of Heaven, reiterated in parable after parable throughout the Gospels. The time is surely ripe for the revival of the notion, and if social service is to succeed it, too, will find that it is seeking a Kingdom of Heaven. All these fields of thought and activity are therefore at bottom still dependent on religion, little as they may be prepared to admit it. If religion were to drop out, then all would drop out; but religion cannot drop out, it remains to keep them all alive.

What then is our plain duty? To reconstitute religion and bring back in some ordered relationship all the parts that have gone astray, to restore its wholeness. Only by this means can we properly define its place and scope and grasp its aim and purpose. What we call religion is no more than the eviscerated skeleton of it. It fails to make adequate provision for all the activities of the soul, or, to suit a modern taste, the *psyche*, which is surely its task. Thus we must think all out afresh, for there will be no chance of a good life unless we do. This is another climacteric. The forces of evil have been assembling. They have flourished exceedingly, but now the gage of battle is cast, and victory depends upon the mobilization and ordering of the forces of good. There must be another summing up of religious experience to find firm ground on which to stand. All the indications of this are present. I cannot venture to prescribe, to define, to settle. It is beyond me—a mere tool ill-fitted and ill-tempered. I can only illustrate what I mean. Maybe no one can do more, because all are wanted to accomplish the end as the writer of *Hebrews* set out in splendid challenge in chapter XI. So let us take once more a few of the old religious ideas and see what meaning they can have in this changed world of ours.

The Chaldean astrologers attached great importance to the Word. There was magic in it, their secret talismanic formulæ. With the Jews, the Word becomes the Book. They are the people

of the Book. They borrow and improve upon the notion. *John* improves on it again in the memorable opening:

and the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth.

True, I have left out a theological parenthesis, set in brackets (and we beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father). This we can fairly omit when we come to generalize the idea. The Word was made flesh not once but over and over again, for in everyone that is made there should be a testimony of some sort. Take as exemplars just a few of those who have revealed the Word in distinctive fashion:

St. Paul—The Way of Salvation.

St. Augustine—The City of God.

St. Francis—The Soul in Nature.

John Wyclif—The Open Book.

John Wesley—Method in Religion.

Their words have enriched and enlarged the Christian tradition. The Word constantly changes. We express our own days, or ought to. The Word is made flesh, but never finally and completely. There is no fixity in religion, only a fluidity. It is our mistake to suppose religion unchangeable because it is sacred. Even those Christians who have fought and persecuted to maintain a rigid faith have often come to realize that there is what they call a development of doctrine. The Word for them had gathered fresh meaning almost against their will. There can be no static Christians sitting complacently in church like the static water standing dank in tanks. William Law, who was a mild-tempered Christian, was guilty of this bitter sarcasm: "Caecus would have been very religious but that he thought he was so". It warns us of a fault. We are the body of the Church, whatever its form or meaning for us. We, rather than the Sunday's sermons, are its interpretation and expression. We are, while we live, the Word made flesh. Dr. Jung, the psychologist, puts this idea in another way even more pointedly:

It is no easy matter to live a life that is modelled on Christ's, but it is unspeakably harder to live one's own life as truly as Christ lived his.

Yet that is the burden thrust on us, and the further we go the heavier the burden.

On the side of ethics or morals, the "Thou shalt not" of the early world gives place to the "Thou shalt" of the Christian dispensation. "Thou shalt not" simply gets us nowhere. The Mosaic tables of the Law were only one of a number of ancient codes of prohibitory declarations that have survived in monumental form long enough to enter the historical record at any rate, and some to

this day. They almost represent the formulation of the taboos of a savage tribe about to enter upon a settled civilization. They are a mere phase, and the Decalogue, painted up as it often is in our churches, is little better than an idle reminder in its crudity. Jesus summed up His own teaching rather differently. There was love of God and conversely God's love of us; or God's love of us and conversely our love of God. It is hard to say which is the correct summary. He completed it by borrowing from *Leviticus*: love thy neighbour as thyself, which recurs many times throughout the New Testament. I said that fear was the dominant motive of the pre-Christian religions. I can now say that love takes the place of fear. That is the Christian transformation. But we do not speak freely of love. The modern phrase is more chilly and straitened. We pursue the good life. It is less personal, less generous, less irksome. Yet if it means anything worth while at all, it must mean the same. How large are the numbers of people who are today exploring and propounding the good life! What a deluge of tracts and pamphlets there are, lacking coherency, occasionally conflicting, and certainly showing no collective or co-operative effort. There are far too many nostrums for sense. Individualism is running mad in expounding socialism. Why is there this weakness? Because religion has been starved out of social service and thrust away into the seclusion of Sunday. This we have to cure. All the plans and prescriptions for a new social order will fail unless there is added to them love, the little bit that makes a world of difference, the charity of Paul. Here it is that religion can break in upon the planners and doctors and put to them the cardinal test, which will give a measure of unity to the whole.

No one can live at all without faith. Getting up in a morning is an act of faith in a new day, while expecting a good breakfast when you reflect upon the countries from which food comes and of the hazards through which it comes must demand a lot of faith. But faith must be justified by works. They are its revelation and they are to be sought in the home and in the factory; for from the evidences of works in such places can the faith be determined. Unhappily faith in the religious sense is applied to a set of beliefs and narrowed to a creed. It is therefore clear to see that faith must once more be widened to cover all those fields of thought and endeavour which were once included in religion. There can be no society without faith in something, without therefore a religious bond, which it is the business of religion to frame and supply. It is the steady accumulation and co-ordination of small gains that will bring back life to religion. As in the human body the cell is the basis which, multiplying and specializing, creates us the amazing beings we are, so it is a social cell differentiating to serve all requirements and associating to ensure effective integration, which

builds up society. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were remarkable exponents of this principle. Every member of the community was placed in a group which owed a mutual responsibility. They pledged and supported one another, in those uncertain days when strength usurped right. It is too extensive a subject to treat here. It lives in our institutions and re-appears effectively in John Wesley's Class-meeting. His *Plain Account of the People called Methodists* is worth serious study. It is said the trade unions built up their organization on his model, for there were many Methodists among the first members. The strength of the Nazi party in Germany rests on its cell formation, but its social standards are those of the termites behaving under the pressure of instinct rather than of man acting under a mind and soul. As a practical start, should it not be possible to cover the town where we live with little groups of folk accepting a mutual responsibility for each other's welfare, sending representatives to other little groups at a stage above, and so again and again until all the people are within some conscious active society which at one stage or another could grapple with all the social problems of the town? Could not the scattered religious bodies organize themselves as a Christian community to secure this? Then no one could fall out of sight or keeping. We say that no one can fall out of the hands of God, but should we not rather say out of our hands, His members, His crowd of witnesses? This seems of the essence of religion.

We can pick up again the idea of sacrifice and see what further growth there may be in it. We shall agree it is still a key idea, a living idea. It starts overpowered by Christ's sacrifice upon the Cross, which is become something more than a symbol, but as saints and martyrs meet with violent deaths the old context of ideas becomes applied to them. For what purpose did they die and what cause did their death serve? Then it appears all a matter of degree, for every day someone is sacrificed; in this war thousands a day. Are the Russians, dying to defend their land on the Eastern Front, dying in vain? It seems impossible to believe this now we can look back across centuries of history to see that even out of what seems evil good will grow. Are the French hostages shot by the Germans just so much slaughter? The answer there is quick, for they are the re-awakening of the spirit of France. Everywhere then there is sacrifice if we will enlarge our religion to interpret it. It may be of life conspicuously, or it may be humbly and secretly of comfort, convenience, desire.

Remember that nice Marianne in Turgenev's novel *Virgin Lands*. She wished to give her life, for Russia. She waited constantly for the time to come when the nation would call to her and say, "Now place your head upon the block". The moment never came, but the time did come when Solomin, a

practical man, director of a textile factory, arrived and explained to her that Russia awaited no sacrifice of any person's life. What is essential, he explained, is that this dirty child should have its hair combed, that these messy dishes should be washed, and things like that.

And this is all the harder to do because the hair is always to be combed, the dishes always to be washed. And because in the Revolution the Russians learnt much about these small sacrifices, it is found, when trial comes, that they are capable of the large sacrifices, even unto death, for the world which they were making. There can be nothing without sacrifice. Every ennobling, ascending idea will demand its sacrifice, whether in science or politics or economics or philosophy or morals. All these sacrifices are capable of a religious interpretation; yet religion fails to provide it and so loses its proper place in the affairs of civilization. That is the fault awaiting remedy. For sacrifice does not figure largely within the current churches except as almsgiving. The Scottish Covenanters were, maybe, the last substantial lesson of what a spirit of sacrifice within a church may achieve.

Grace is the last example that I take. It is an essentially Christian quality. We know it when we see it. We should not like to analyse and describe it; somehow it will always escape the last effort, for it is beyond ordinary experience. There is an element of transfiguration in it wherever it is manifest. I remember the last time I met with it. It was in a crowded train at Birmingham. A woman got into my compartment with a sick husband. I watched and tried to understand. She showed a courage and serenity that seemed to go beyond reason; a compassion and pity that surpassed comprehension; yet she did nothing that was not simple and homely. Some people experience intense effusions of grace. They enter an ecstatic state. It is best to leave that alone for those who are lucky enough to feel it. It is a dangerous and deceitful gift. Daily grace shall be sufficient for us. It indicates some contact with the world outside our world, a world of spirit. I have no dogma about it. The physicists find an all-pervading aether, about which they know almost nothing, but in which all the phenomena which they study must occur. It is unbroken, unbounded, and stands to them for the unity of nature. Our consciousness seems to demand something of the same sort, in which all spiritual phenomena occur, equally unbroken and unbounded and standing to us for the unity of the spirit. Each of us is like a radiogram. We can tune in to the all-pervading spirit. Our consciousness varies in range: some can use a wider wave-band than others, and all consciousness is expanding. Sometimes we find ourselves tuned in below the conscious level, and find there forgotten vestiges of our past when we were little better than the

beasts. The psychologists have exploited this. Sometimes do we not find ourselves tuned in above the conscious level, and are we not then in contact with the being that we may hope to be? Should not our ministers of religion turn this to good account? Above ourselves may we not touch the divine? The spirit is not isolated, it cannot be so. There must be a world of spirit just as surely as there is a world of nature. Contact with its lowest threshold gives us strength, perseverance, direction. We can ascend from threshold to threshold and so share at times in the heights of the spirit. All grace comes from there. Blaise Pascal writes:

When I consider the short duration of my life, swallowed up in the eternity before and after, the little space which I fill, and even can see, engulfed in the infinite immensity of spaces of which I am ignorant, and which know me not, I am frightened and astonished at being here rather than there; for there is no reason why here rather than there, why now rather than then.

By grace, religion makes us at home in the universe.

I have said almost more than sufficient to my purpose of showing that the essentially religious ideas are to be interpreted over the whole field of human thought and activity. I have tried to free them from their Sunday go-to-meeting dress; not that they may become secular, but that whatever they influence may become religious or, to use a better word, holy. The fashion for secularization to secure popularity is entirely to be reversed. Religion must once again cover the field in some fashion. So at last I reach my subject: how to re-energize religion? It means to put a religious enthusiasm into daily life, to interpret and express daily life in relation to the root conceptions and the bonds of religion. We need to go back to heathenism, in a sense. We really want missionaries among us from Polynesia or Africa to explain to us what religion meant to them. For they know, what we have forgotten, that religion is a power in daily life. It must be in constant use to be healthy. We only get out what we put in plus God's interest, the profit motive alas, which like Nature's interest is prodigal, being some a hundred fold, some fifty fold, some twenty fold.

We can meet on Sundays if we like. It is good to exchange views, to sum up and reckon the loss and gain on the week, to renew the spirit through companionship. Indeed to meet on Sundays could be a blessing. We can observe the formalities and ceremonies of a church, if we like. It is good that they should be both beautiful and emotional—at least a release to the emotions. All this is not religion itself, but merely evidences of a religious trend. At any rate, we should go out from church or chapel or meeting sure that religion is alive and full of purpose for another six days' work. I often visit picture galleries, and when I come

out I always know whether I have seen anything worth while. You can come out into the drabdest of streets, but if art has been living anywhere within, you will be conscious that it looks just a little different. There will be some subtle sense of colour you missed before, some grouping of objects or shapes which instantly suggests rhythm or pattern. It is a parable.

And for a last parable, I can remember quite vividly when I climbed to the highest point I ever reached on earth. It was in Switzerland, a matter of some 11,000 feet or so. I was stopping in a mountain village some 5,000 ft. up to start, and I took the funicular for almost another 2,000 ft. and then began skirting the sides of the mountain, always zigzagging upwards. The horizon widened and I could begin to look down into the valleys. All at once, at about 10,000 ft., there seemed an extraordinary shift of colour. The blue of the sky had come down to earth and was enveloping the land. Nature works by leaps at critical points, and it seemed to me as though Heaven had come down to earth. Above the sky had almost a hard whiteness, the whiteness of God. We were coming face to face. It was a sudden and startling experience. As the summit was reached the horizon widened immensely, for I was about level with all the other peaks round about. They stood up in rows and ridges, and far away there were the still bluer plains of Italy. That is the sort of exhilaration which we have somehow got to find in the experiences of religion.

"The Tale and the Moral", the sub-title of Sir Charles Petrie's *When Britain Saved Europe* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.), indicates both the author's purpose and also the spirit in which he writes this story of the Napoleonic Wars. Perhaps Sir Charles is a little too prone to quarrel with accepted opinions about some of the statesmen of the period, and he is certainly careless in reading his proofs ("bural" on p. 48; "formerly" for "formally" on p. 208; and, we suspect, "Sandown" for "Sandwich" on p. 21), but he makes his readers think as he shows the parallel between the Napoleonic era and today. It almost causes despair as we think of the failure of the many attempts to secure understanding between the nations and peace for the people. Here are two of Sir Charles's quotations which illustrate his theme. The first is from Burke, and the second John Buchan's analysis of the plain man:

We are in a war of a peculiar nature. It is not with an ordinary community, which is hostile or friendly as passion or as interest may veer about—not with a State which makes war through wantonness, and abandons it through lassitude. We are at war with a system which by its essence is inimical to all other governments; and which makes peace or war as peace and war may best contribute to their subversion. It is with an armed doctrine that we are at war.

He is not intellectual. He is not too logical; but he has a curiously sound instinct, just because he is so close to real life, about what is actually going to happen.

THE STORY OF JANG JIN JU.

[This story is taken, by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Collins, from Miss Joy Homer's *Dawn Watch in China* (12s. 6d.). Writing in *Journal*, 1940, I said: "in Hartford I heard Miss Joy Homer give one of the finest missionary addresses to which I have listened; she went out to China, a sceptic in regard to missions, to do publicity work for China Relief, and came back tremendously impressed by the service the missionaries are rendering to the community". Miss Homer was in China for fourteen months from the autumn of 1938; she saw total war in all its horrors, as well as devastating floods. We know no book that describes so well life in war-time China: the extract given below will, we feel assured, make readers desire the full story.—EDITOR.]

THE story of Chengchow is more or less the story of Jang Jin Ju. I saw him first while I was dangling my feet over the edge of a trench in the mission compound waiting for an air raid. The raid had turned out a false alarm, and I was just folding up my moving-picture equipment and preparing to stand up, when I happened to glance around full into his face. Jang Jin smiled. He was only a thin young coolie; but there was something immortal about his smile. It was a huge China-boy grin-from-ear-to-ear, a mouth tilting in pure glee, a reeling blissful slitting of the eyes, a hooligan smile, a Dopey Dwarf smile! It came on like an electric torch.

Just then a group of refugee children who had been playing in a bomb hole came over towards him. They clustered around the older boy, who seemed to be their hero.

"Show us your arm, Jang Jin! Show us your arm!"

With a start, I noticed for the first time that his sleeve was empty. He rolled it up now and proudly displayed the red stump of his wrist to the admiring group. "The doctors are always sticking needles in there", he explained carelessly, "just as if it did not hurt at all!"

As I strolled back from the trenches with the American doctor's wife, I heard someone stumping along at our heels. It was Jang Jin; and with another start and a feeling almost of pain (for I felt I knew him intimately), I saw that his leg was off above the knee. But his wooden-legged hobble was suspiciously like a swagger, and he grinned rapturously at our rears.

"That's our office-boy coolie", explained the doctor's wife, a lady of ample bosom and Irish humour. "His full name is Jang

Jin Ju, but we call him Jang Jin. He may look awkward, but it amazes me how he gets around. He can run races on that leg of his. He follows me about like a faithful hound, perfectly happy. If I look at him, I think he stops breathing”.

“Sometimes”, she chatted on, “I forget about his hand and give him some hard job to do; but he usually gets it done somehow. You should see him file papers with his shoulder and chin. If I do anything for myself these days, the boy’s insulted. He’s helping with the out-patients just now, and I could swear he knows every patient in the hospital by name and ailment. The children too. He plays with them by the hour. In his queer way, he is almost an adopted parent to everything small on the compound”.

I felt a little sceptical about this. There seemed to me a gleam in Jang Jin’s eye that was anything but parental.

“Does he always stay with you during raids?” I asked.

“Jang Jin? He’s a perfect rabbit about these raids. You should see him tremble all over and hold his nose and try to disappear into the earth. People who have been wounded once are apt to be like that. It’s odd, he always brushes his teeth after a raid, the only time we can get him to brush them. To get the gun-powder out! He claims he does not care for anything Japanese in his mouth”.

“What’s going to happen to him now?” I asked. “Aren’t you two going home on furlough this month?”

“Well, we were going to send him away to a camp with the other cripples”, answered the doctor’s wife. “He’s not our servant really, you know, just a refugee boy in here for treatment. We gave him a little work to do and he’s stuck to us like a burr ever since”.

Jang Jin, stumping along near us and perfectly aware that he was being talked about, was struggling with his facial expression in a terrible effort to appear nonchalant. Finally he gave it up and smirked.

“When the word got about”, went on his mistress, “that the cripples on the compound were to be sent to a camp, Jang Jin came to us by himself. In all my born days I’ve never seen a boy cry like that. He literally flung himself at our feet and sobbed and wept and clung to us until we had to promise he could stay on and serve us when we get back. Mercy, he almost had me in tears! My husband swears it was all an act, but I don’t know. . . .”

Her voice trailed off. I looked over at Jang Jin, caught one more blast of that supreme and impudent smile, and silently agreed with the husband.

Later in the morning I was being shown about the hospital by an American Red Cross worker who lived in the Baptist com-

pound. As we entered the out-patients' waiting-room where a hundred or more refugee sick huddled on benches, a voice of authority rang out from the front of the room, giving instructions to the waiting crowd. I stared. It was Jang Jin, and he was strutting it up and down before his respectful flock like a dictator before his troops, herding the patients into the various examination rooms, and calling out names in exact imitation of the mission doctor in charge. The doctor's inflection, the note of authority, the manner of twitching the head—Jang Jin did it all without a tremor. And apparently without a pang, for he caught our eye and only smiled upon us like a saint.

"He's an actor", I said, as we went outside.

"Have you ever heard him recite poetry?" asked the Red Cross worker, with a sort of convulsive heave at the memory.

"Poetry!"

"Well, yes—I guess that's what it is. His own poetry! He just makes it up as he goes along and reels it off for half an hour without a break. Rather decent poetry, too. At least he thinks so. Get him to make some up for you. He's not exactly shy about it, anyway!"

It was the next morning that I ran into Jang Jin while out walking in the compound. He was sitting propped up against a mat shed in the centre of the yard feeding a refugee baby from a milk bottle. Around him stood his usual contingent of admiring children. The sight was so startling that I stopped and watched. He held the small creature along the crotch of his mutilated left arm, as gently and firmly as it had ever been held before, while the right hand administered the milk. He seemed quite expert about it.

As I strolled up he smiled angelically at me and before I had time to say a word had inquired about my honourable name, health, and native home. He further offered the information that he was sixteen years old, and how old was I? There is nothing very bashful about Jang Jin. For a moment we exchanged polite formalities.

"How did you lose your leg, Jang Jin?" I asked. For he obviously felt nothing but pride in the matter.

"Bombed!" he said, and grinned in slitted rapture. "I was at the station, just arrived, you understand, when suddenly airplanes came and dropped their bomb eggs". Here his hand planed down through the air and he emitted through his nose such a perfect imitation of a power-dive that I involuntarily squeaked.

"Yes, I know", I said hurriedly. "I've heard them too. But what about your hand?"

"Oh, that came later", he explained. "First they took my leg away in the hospital here. It was very uncomfortable", he added

with what I thought to be unnecessary understatement. "That was when I was robbed".

"Robbed?"

"Of everything", he said. "Five dollars. So I obtained my wooden leg and went out and begged for three months".

"Oh, Jang Jin, what a shame!" I said.

"A shame? But no. I was very good at it. I saved eight dollars and bought a new white suit for just a dollar fifty. That was before somebody took it", he said sadly.

I digested this a moment.

"You mean you were robbed again?" I asked, feeling a little confused.

"Oh, no; I lent it to a man. He had no suit, you see, and he promised to bring it back that night. But he never came".

There was silence for a minute while we wordlessly mourned the white suit.

"After that my hand grew sick and I came back to the hospital to have it removed too. They are very kind to me here. I must stay for ever, I think, and look after them", he finished with a sigh of martyrdom.

"But what about your family, Jang Jin?" I asked. "Do they know where you are?"

"My family?" For a moment his air of Puckish vanity disappeared and he spoke with a trace of bitterness. "The Japanese have taken care of my family. We all left Peiping by train last year, my father and mother and brother, and the train was bombed. When I woke up beside the track, I had no family. The Japanese took very good care of them by blowing them to pieces".

I tried to think of something to say.

"What did you do then?" I asked lamely.

"I walked to Hankow", he said, watching me slant-eyed to see if I were impressed.

"But it's hundreds of miles!"

His smile came on again.

"Oh, yes. But very good exercise!"

"What do you do during raids?" I asked.

"Oh, I used to go outside the city where it is safe", he told me with perfect frankness. "But I kept thinking about these people here. The foreigners, you know. The doctor's wife is deaf in one ear and I must be here to warn her".

I remembered his terror of raids and smiled inwardly.

"The bombs always come here", he added. "They fill your ears with noise and your mouth with Japanese powder". The thought caused him to spit accurately at a passing toad.

The baby, bored with so much conversation, began to weep bitterly and Jang Jin was all anxious parent again, rocking the

thing with real tenderness and administering milk with the air of an *amah*. As I walked away I heard this paradoxical youth crooning to the child in a strange minor chant. And I began to see why nobody on the mission compound could fathom Jang Jin and why every one on the compound loved him.

The following day of early April was a day of terror for Chengchow. Although the people of the city had had weekly bombings since the beginning of the war, nothing in all their experience could equal the vicious treatment that was dealt them on this day.

The first alarm wailed forth at noon. We hurried from the luncheon table to the trenches. There is no time in Chengchow for a dignified retreat. The Japanese are too near. Often the planes are overhead by the time the alarm rings out. And the mission compound is no place to be caught out of cover. We crouched in the trenches that stretched through an open space in back of the hospital mat shed where I had talked with Jang Jin the day before. For what seemed hours, the planes power-dived over the city, dropping their bombs with dainty and careful precision. No anti-aircraft to annoy them. No defence, no machine-guns, nothing. We waited helplessly while the ground shook and the air beat to each explosive roar and the world went mad.

This time, our section of the city was unaccountably left alone. Five minutes after the planes had left, the hospital ambulance was clanging through the city to the bombed areas. And in the press of work to be done we forgot that the "all clear" signal had not sounded.

Then word came: a building in one of the hospital's refugee camps had been completely levelled; more than half of the four hundred refugee women and their children who had been inside, just sitting down to lunch, were dead, others wounded. Soon they began streaming in, by ambulance, by stretcher, women with wounded babies, husbands carrying their injured wives, children afoot holding on to their mutilated bodies and keeping back the tears as they had been taught to do. Shrapnel can make unbelievable wreckage of human flesh. Other wounded from all parts of the city were brought in until the compound was littered with them as with dying leaves. The hospital was long since overflowing. Now the serious cases were taken inside for immediate operation, while the overflow were laid, about a hundred of them, on the floor of the flimsy mat shed, where the doctor's wife and two other American nurses gave them first aid until there should be room for them elsewhere.

It was fully an hour after the raid, and still no one had thought of the "all clear" signal. I was standing near the compound gate with the Red Cross worker when without warning we heard the low familiar drone of heavy bombers in the air. We

hurried to the trenches, where already many people had taken shelter. There we stood while the drone grew into a roar and the planes were near. Suddenly the mission doctor's voice sounded above the waiting silence.

"Is my wife here somewhere?"

For a moment no one spoke.

"The mat shed!" Somebody yelled with a touch of hysteria. "Three of them in there. Haven't come out yet!"

Realisation struck us. The noise of the wounded and dying within the mat shed was more than enough to drown out any amount of bombers. The three women had had no warning. Overhead the planes dipped their noses down into the start of a screaming dive. Instinctively and foolishly we all started to climb out of the trenches at once. But someone was ahead of us. Someone who, even before the doctor spoke, had remembered his mistress's deaf ear.

It was Jang Jin. He materialised from behind us, stumping along at a dead run, cleared the trench in one clumsy, impossible, peg-legged leap, stumbled, caught himself, and flew on like an avenging spirit. Head back, arms flapping wildly, he streaked over the ground as if some invisible deity had him by the scruff of the neck. Then he disappeared into the mat shed and a moment later we saw the bombs start down, directly towards us, from the low-diving planes. We were in for it!

As we huddled back into the trench, the world about us erupted into thunder. This time, five bombs exploded on the compound. Two burst in the doctor's garden, one by the gate, one fifty feet from our trench and only thirty from the mat shed door, just where it would have caught any one coming out. The last to fall seemed to make a direct hit on the mat shed itself. For long minutes we held our aching ears while dirt and debris rained about us, and we watched the great pall of smoke and dust and gunpowder that hid the flimsy shed from our sight. It was a heart-breaking moment. There seemed to be no hope for those within. Then the drone of the planes died away, the dust thinned out, and we gaped at a mat shed which apparently was not even damaged. Only an ugly crater lay alongside, its lip resting affectionately against the straw matting of the wall.

It was that close! Six feet from the wall—a good-sized bomb. It had cut down thirty trees in the garden around us. The force of the explosion had all been spent in the opposite direction, and the building was so flexible that it merely swayed back and forth and failed to collapse. But what of the occupants? We started in a concentrated rush for the door. Inside there was dead silence and smoke. The wounded lying about the floor were too shocked to

speak or groan. Standing up in the centre of the room were the two missionary ladies and the doctor's wife.

"Don't look so distressed. We're perfectly all right", she said in a matter-of-fact voice.

"You couldn't be", someone blithered foolishly. "The bomb exploded against the wall".

"Yes, and we're as deaf as posts, all of us", she said with a snort. "But not a soul in the place seems to be scratched. We were just starting out the door when Jang Jin blew in like a ghost and said the planes were overhead. So of course we crouched down where we were. I'll never get this gravel out of my hair!"

"You were starting out the door", said her husband in a tight voice. "You would have met the big one that burst about thirty feet outside".

There was a queer silence.

"Where's Jang Jin?" I asked.

Nobody knew.

"I didn't see where he went", said the doctor's wife with a sudden look of fear on her face. "But he must be——"

We all began looking for him at once in the murky dust; frantically at first, with our hearts in our throats. Not Jang Jin! Not after that crazy wild run of his under the diving planes. Not with his terror of bombs.

"Jang Jin!" yelled the doctor. "Where are you?"

We waited in a gathering silence. At last a small fluttering sound came from across the room. We stared. There was a low bench near the door. And from beneath the bench protruded two skinny legs—one wooden, one sound—and a small, tightly clad rear that quivered and shook like an agitated jelly.

"Here, sir", whispered Jang Jin. . . .

There was a full moon that night. It shone with cold benevolence upon the gaping ruins of the city. I stood for some time by my window listening to the night sounds that are pretty much the same the world over. No sound of suffering, no groans or sighs, though many people lay awake in agony and watched this same indifferent moon. Only the crickets' song and the wary rustle of a dark garden.

Then, as I listened, a discordant noise broke the near-silence. Down by the kitchen door a suppressed struggle was under way. It began with a low gurgle, grew from a gurgle to a rasp, from a rasp to a gargle, from a gargle to a perfect furor of spitting.

I looked down through the moonlight at a slim familiar form—one-handed, peg-legged. Jang Jin was brushing his teeth.

SOME REFLECTIONS OF A BACK NUMBER

By Dr. W. B. SELBIE, M.A.,

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FOR some years past I have been forced to be a mere spectator of scenes and events in which I was once very actively engaged. Onlookers, they say, see most of the game. They certainly see it from another angle than that of the players, and are better able to judge of its progress as a whole. But that will largely depend on their own knowledge of the game from within. They must have played it themselves if ever they are to watch it intelligently. This qualification at least I think I may claim. After twenty years in the regular ministry, and another twenty spent in training ministers and in itinerant preaching up and down the land, I ought to have learned something of religious conditions generally and to have earned the right not to sit in judgment but at least to give an opinion. This is the more worth doing just now because everything is in the melting-pot, Churches and human institutions alike. What will emerge from the maelstrom of war no man can tell. We shall be faced with a situation which will demand grit, courage, enterprise, and self-sacrifice of no ordinary kind. Under the stress of war our people have shown their capacity for the highest. There has been no moral breakdown or collapse. But the hardest test is yet to come. I am convinced that if we are to win a peace worth winning it will only be through the sanctions and motives supplied by a living Christian faith. There is indeed every reason to believe that a certain *Nachschein* or aftermath of Christianity has been at work in the hearts and minds of multitudes who have long ceased from any open profession of religion. But it does not follow from this that we can let well alone. We need a new age of faith, such a renewal of the springs of the spiritual life as will enable us to meet all the demands of the testing time that lies ahead.

The question then arises, "How is this to be brought about?", and the obvious answer is, "Through the Christian Churches". But everyone knows that, for the moment at any rate, that answer is wholly futile. With the best will in the world the Churches are in no condition to tackle successfully the job of Christianizing society, or of leavening politics and economics with the Christian spirit. To begin with, many good Christians inside the Churches are by no means sure that this is their job. They think that the first duty of the Churches is to make Christians, to convert individuals, and leave them to leaven the social lump as best they may. But, unfortunately, things do not work out like that. The

Churches make Christians, no doubt, and also do a good deal to confirm them in the faith when made. But the general tendency is to make of the individual church a little *enclave* or coterie of like-minded men and women who live, as it were, by taking in one another's washing and whose impact on the entrenched Paganism around them is of the slightest. It is true that they are alive to the danger. Dwindling numbers and diminishing prestige are forcing upon them the need for evangelism, for going out into the highways and hedges and persuading men and women to come in. But there is no sort of agreement among them as to how best to do this, and it must be admitted that many of them have not themselves a gospel which can be commended with any hope of acceptance to intelligent modern men. The old-fashioned mass evangelism, Moody and Sankey, Torrey and Alexander, and the like is quite impossible in these days. But we have not yet found anything very definite to take its place. Education can do much, and the increased attention now being given to Christian teaching in the schools is one of the most healthy signs of our time. But here we shall need to make quite sure that what is taught is really the Christian religion, and not merely the idea of it entertained by certain individuals or Churches. And also we must not overlook the need for adult education. In spite of all our sermons there is still widespread ignorance of what Christianity really is, and I would reiterate a plea often made in the past for a definitely teaching ministry. Salvation by education is by no means impossible or unheard of.

This suggests another method which has an air of novelty but is really as old as Christianity. We hear a great deal in these days about "Groups", Oxford and otherwise, Christian and Communist. Whatever we may think of the substance of their teaching, their method is good, for it is psychologically sound. The early churches were just groups or cells composed of changed men and women who testified to one another of God's dealings, and won others to them by the beauty of their lives and by the relevance of their gospel to human needs. They had at first no organization and no formulated set of beliefs. But they had the gift of the Spirit. Each little group was a Spirit-filled community, and it was under the direct guidance of the Spirit of God that they lived their lives and gave their testimony. And such groups or cells of spiritual power and influence are needed in our churches today. But we are obsessed by the belief in numbers. Most of our churches are too big and unwieldy to make any sharp impact on society. In many of them the line between members and non-members is very hard to draw, and it is still harder to see in them a much higher standard of moral and spiritual life than obtains in the world around them. If, however, the question is asked whether we are much worse in

these matters than we were fifty years ago, the answer, so far as my recollection goes, must be in the negative. If in some respects our churches have deteriorated, in others they have advanced, though their progress has been by no means regular or uniform. What religion there is among them is more sincere, more practical, and more intelligent than once was the case. They have a gospel and one whose power they have proved in experience. What they lack is zeal and skill in evangelism. With the best will in the world they somehow fail to commend their gospel and to get it across just where it is needed most.

The main reason for this is generally said to be our disunity, the unhappy divisions which split up the Church of Christ into separate and often rival Churches or denominations. It is often argued and probably believed by many that if only we could attain uniformity of doctrine and practice among all the Churches, that would at once increase their power and strengthen their witness. That might indeed be so, but as one who has had endless opportunities of discussing this matter in Committees and Conferences I take leave to doubt whether unity can ever be achieved by uniformity, or indeed whether such uniformity is either desirable or practicable. In any living Church under the direct guidance of the Spirit of God there must always be room for diversities of gifts and diversities of operations. It is the proud prerogative of Christianity to bring about unity amid and in spite of much diversity. The real bond of Christian unity is love, and when Christians really love one another and can speak the truth in love to one another, they have attained a union which transcends all differences in opinion and in methods. What injures the Christian cause today is not the fact that there are different denominations and rival Churches, but the evil spirit which too often shows itself in their relations with each other. We are still tormented by jealousies, dislikes, uncharitableness, arrogance, refusals to recognize or co-operate, and until these evil spirits are cast out there can be no unity worth the name. Things are certainly much better than they were, especially among the Free Churches. They recognize one another's Churchmanship, and they work together in complete amity for their common ends.

But this façade of external unity only serves to conceal, and that very imperfectly, some deeper and far more serious lines of cleavage which are felt in all the Churches to a greater or less degree. I refer, of course, to those theological differences which are now becoming acute. So far as they indicate a revival of interest in theology they may be welcomed, for it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of the theological background to our Christian faith. We have suffered greatly in the recent past from the tendency to reduce religion to a psychological subjectivism on

the one hand, or to a mere ethical or social system on the other. The Christian religion claims to set forth the truth concerning God and man and their relations. It points to a revelation or Word of God in the soul of man. It thus commends itself to the reason by which it is explicated and formulated in terms which make possible its impartation to others. But underlying this intellectual process is an experience which in its main features is the same for all men in kind if not in degree. The sense of the presence and guidance of God, the consciousness of sin, repentance, and forgiveness, moral obligation, and the hope of eternal life, these are fundamentals of Christian experience, and the how, whence, and wherefore of them are the stuff of Christian theology. It stands to reason, however, that human nature being what it is, there will and must be an infinite variety both in the experience itself and in the forms in which it finds expression. Such variety is indispensable to a living and growing faith. A man's theology as well as his religion must be his own, and the proof of it will be in the fruit it bears. Thus there can be no possible objection to creeds as such. They are necessary statements of faith. But there is every objection to the imposition of creeds, to stereotyping them in fixed forms, and demanding of men a full assent and consent to these forms as a condition of being reckoned as within the Christian pale. It is impossible to compel men to believe, and the attempt to do so is not only a prime cause of disunion among the Churches but makes their witness to the outside world seem unreal and insincere. At the same time a wholly undogmatic Christianity is really a contradiction in terms.

What then is to be done? There are three main lines of theological cleavage in the Church today—Catholic, Evangelical, and Liberal or Modernist. They are most clearly marked in the Church of England, but they have their counterparts in all the Churches. Each of them is represented by Societies, Committees, and Conferences which exist for propaganda purposes and tend to generate a great deal of party feeling of a very unchristian kind. While ostensibly intended to explain and justify their position to outsiders, they inevitably exaggerate or over-emphasize the aspect of truth for which they stand. They are partisan in the worst sense of the word, exclusive when they mean to be broad, and they fix labels on their adherents which seldom or never give a true description of the goods within. Ever since those days when Corinthian Christians ranged themselves under the banners of Paul or Apollos or Cephas there has been a fatal fascination about great names and their adoption as party badges. It is a form of escapism. Thinking things out for oneself is a difficult and uncertain enterprise. Even those who claim the right of private judgment are not very happy about it. They feel safer when sheltering behind some recognized

authority by whose words and ideas they can swear. Hence we have today Lutherans, Calvinists, Thomists, Wesleyans, Barthians, and the like, though the label is sometimes qualified by the mysterious prefix *Neo*. I remember that there were Neo-Hegelians many years ago. As far as I could understand, they stood for a watered-down Hegelianism minus the doctrine of the Absolute—the night in which all cows look black. So Neo-Calvinism, or Calvin brought up-to-date, probably means an emasculated Calvin shorn of predestination, reprobation, and the Divine decrees. But in that case why Calvin at all? Surely in the face of all this we are justified in asking with St. Paul, *Is Christ divided? Was Calvin crucified for you?*

This brings me to the main point. Our differences, whether ecclesiastical or theological, ought not to separate us so drastically as they do. If only our protagonists would spend the time they often waste in barren controversy in trying to find some common ground with those from whom they differ they would serve the cause they have at heart, as well as the common good, better than they realize. I am well aware that during the last fifty years some real progress has been made in the matter of Christian union. We no longer bite and devour one another with quite the zest of former days. In English-speaking countries persecution has practically ceased, though there have been fearful repercussions of it elsewhere, mainly on political grounds. Generally speaking, however, the Churches are nearer one another than they were, have a better mutual understanding, and are more concerned to present a common front. They are beginning also to realize that unity is not the same as uniformity, and that to seek it by way of uniformity is a vain and hopeless quest. They are discovering too that the real lines of division are not always those which appear on the surface. Deep down below them are temperamental differences which have always to be reckoned with, and are generally obstinate. Just as every little boy or girl is born either a Liberal or a Conservative, so there are born liberals and conservatives, Catholics and Protestants, in theology. Originally a matter of intellectual, moral, or spiritual make-up, this native tendency or bias is apt to be intensified by education or circumstances, though by the same means it may be and often is modified and mellowed. But the hard core of it generally remains. Once this temperamental attitude is recognized, it ought to be easier to make allowances for it and to find some common ground beneath it.

As I have pointed out already, there is such common ground in the Christian experience of God and of salvation. What is needed now is a fresh approach to Christian union, not by way of Conferences on Church Order or doctrine, but by demonstrating our oneness in the faith by praying and worshipping together. It

is an accepted fact that so far the reunion movement has been an affair of leaders and has hardly touched the rank and file. Take any village, small town, or suburb, where there may be anything from two or three to a dozen churches, and what do we find? The Anglican Church stands pretty severely aloof and runs its parochial system as though it occupied the ground alone. The Free Churches are not much better; Methodist, Baptist, or Congregationalist, they each go their own way and have their own *clientèle*. They are friendly enough, they help one another in various ways, and their ministers exchange pulpits at least once a year. But for all that they are in no sense one. Each of them retains its own peculiar *ethos* and is proud of it. Meanwhile, however, all these Churches together represent but a fraction of the total population, and their impact on the world outside them is practically nil. Many of them cannot even retain their own Sunday School scholars, to say nothing of winning men and women from the outside. No doubt if they could combine in persistently presenting Christianity to the outsiders, not only by word of mouth but in the high standard of their Christian living, it might have some effect. Such common testimony ought not to be impossible of achievement. There is to be found in each of these churches a little nucleus of earnest and devoted Christians. If these could but get together and talk freely they would soon discover that the things on which they were agreed were more and more important than those on which they differed. On the basis of such even partial agreement they could take common action and give their common witness with some hope of success. In other words, any really effective union must begin at the centre rather than the circumference.

The chief obstacle for the moment is the parochial outlook of the individual church, and its selfish preoccupation with its own concerns. As a rule the more keen the people are, the more anxious are they to cultivate their own cabbage patch and conserve the interests of the denomination to which they belong. Churches are regarded as ends in themselves rather than as instruments for bringing in the Kingdom of God. Hence the lukewarm feeling towards union and the lack of anything like intimacy and affection in their mutual relations. Hence also the almost entire absence of any sense of responsibility for the great world outside. When this war is over we shall be confronted with a condition of moral and spiritual chaos such as we have never known. We are constantly told—and we all agree—that nothing but religion can save the situation. The Christian Church is the agent of the Christian religion, and the great question of the moment is whether the Church can rise to the height of its opportunity. In his recent admirable little book, *A Challenge to the Churches*, Prof. MacMurray writes:

We may assert that if the Christian Church in any of its forms, or in any new form that the need of our times may determine, will accept the task that belongs to it, and fulfil the conditions of performing it, then success is certain. A Christianity which was true to its own essence would undoubtedly be adequate to the salvation of the world in our time. The Christian Church can, if it will, create the new democratic order and achieve equality without losing freedom.

There are some big "ifs" here, and they constitute a challenge which the Churches must face if they would live. But they are greatly handicapped by their timid conservatism and devotion to the *status quo*. Too often their eyes are on the past rather than on the present or the future. To imagine, as some seem to do, that the present crisis can be met by a return to medievalism in dogma and in worship is an ostrich policy that can only defeat its own ends. What is needed now is a courage, born of experience and rooted in conviction, a faith in the living Spirit of God Who leads men into all the truth, and a gospel tested in experience and proclaimed in the living language of today. If I may quote Prof. MacMurray again: "Contemporary Christianity", he declares,

must cease to function as a conservative religion. It must reassert in action, and not merely in words, its own essence as a creative religion. It must function as the religion of the new community which is struggling to be born.

These be brave words. Most of us will probably assent to them in much the same spirit as that in which we applaud the pious resolutions which are constantly passed with enthusiasm in ecclesiastical assemblies and generally lead to nothing. But now we can none of us escape the question, "What are you going to do about it?" and this question has to be addressed not to the circumambient ether, but to every parish church, every little Bethel, every suburban sanctuary, to City Temple and Methodist Central Hall. These churches ought to become the power-houses of the new order, and they have it in them to be so if only they will be faithful to the charge they have received. This is nothing less than the Christianizing of the world, the leavening of society and all human relations with the spirit and teaching of Jesus Christ. To undertake such a task they will need to begin at Jerusalem and set their own houses in order. If they would convince the world of the power of the gospel of Christ they must first reveal it in the lives of their own members and in the beauty and fruitfulness of their fellowship. No Church is an end in itself, but a means for the bringing in of the Kingdom of God, and to this end all its activities must be directed. Churches, like individuals, need to remember their Lord's word, "By their fruits ye shall know them". Judged by this standard a great deal of modern concern for orthodoxy or

for a worship æsthetically attractive and liturgically correct is a mere subterfuge or means of escaping the stringent demands of the Gospel. The real test of Christian teaching, as of Christian worship, is in its fruits. Does it send out into the world men and women strengthened in faith, purified in heart, and stimulated to sacrificial service of God and man? The Church is at war today just as much as is the nation, and in both cases it is a warfare in which there is no discharge. In other words, we are all in it and must all play our part if victory is to be won. The nation is awake at last, and realizes the need for a combined and overwhelming effort. We know now that we had grossly under-estimated the strength and subtlety of our enemies, we had delayed arming ourselves far too long. We let things drift and hoped for the best. We are now paying the price of our folly. And it is much the same in that holy war in which our churches are engaged, and they will do well to take a leaf out of the nation's book if they are to go on fighting with any hope of success. We hear on every side of slackness, indifference, lukewarmness in the faith. Ministers are often left to plough a lonely furrow, and even when lay helpers are forthcoming they often take their duties very lightly. We all know churches that are rendered impotent for good by the bickerings and jealousies of their members. We know others whose office bearers are more concerned to make them a financial success than to serve the interests of the Kingdom of God. We too often tolerate in our churches the kind of traitorous conduct that in any decent army would cause men to be shot at dawn. Now it is quite certain that if the Churches are to play their part in the coming reconstruction this kind of thing must stop. Earnest Christians have long been praying for revival and know the need for it. But we must remember that revival, like charity, begins at home. The hope of it lies not in grandiose schemes put forward in committees or on public platforms, but in the reconsecration of all those who carry on the spade work of the Church. When every minister, every deacon, every Sunday School teacher, is stirred with the breath of a new life and gives himself to the work with re-doubled energy we may know that the Kingdom of God is at hand. When the people have a mind to work, and all alike take to themselves the slogan, "It all depends on me and I depend on God", we may begin to see the dawning of a brighter day.

AMERICANS, THE MONROE DOCTRINE, AND THE FUTURE.

By the Rev. GWILYM O. GRIFFITH.

I.

Think of Americans as one kind of foreigner with no duty to behave like Englishmen, rather than as a kind of Englishman who ought to be glad to learn from us and help us. . . . Expect Americans to be different from us.

Those of us who have enjoyed the privilege and education of spending, not weeks or months, but many years in the United States will endorse the wisdom of Mr. W. J. Hinton in the words of counsel quoted above. For the tacit presupposition that America, speaking our language, reading our "best sellers", and sharing in our religious, cultural and political traditions, is a sort of younger, less experienced (and of course vastly more extensive) England—this mischievous presupposition has too often, in times past, defeated our understanding of American attitudes and reactions. And even today we may easily fall short of a full appreciation of the "otherness" and extreme complexity of American life. Concerning this and the impertinence with which some of us, after a few months' sojourn in the States, judged ourselves qualified to multiply our pronouncements upon all things American, much might be written. We wear our memories of these things, some of us, as a mental hair-shirt, and bear testimony today that the longer we remained in the States the less were we disposed to enrich our friends with our own neat judgments about its problems and their solution.

For in fact the complex immensity and immense complexity of a country as large as non-Russian Europe, a country of many climates, many types, many and divergent traditions, many regional idioms and interests, a country in which one may travel by train in one direction for a week, and, so doing, cross almost as many cultural frontiers as regional territories—such an immensity and complexity need time in which to report themselves to the mind. We speak over here of Americans as Yankees. This is as amusing to an American as it would be amusing to us to hear all Englishmen described as Cockneys. We speak of the American accent and think it droll if our American friends declare they have never heard it. Yet there is no American accent, for the simple reason that there are so many. And the diversity goes much further and deeper than the spoken word. As Mr. Hinton reminds us, not more, perhaps, than 40 or 50 per cent of the population of

the United States is to any marked degree of British strain.

Again, we have sometimes criticized as "typically American" certain undesirable characteristics which in truth are only too typically European in their origin. Recently a lady remarked in my hearing upon the mob-violence which so frequently characterizes American industrial disputes. It reminded me of a scene I witnessed in New York thirty years ago. I had arrived one afternoon at Union Square in time to see a monster demonstration of the I.W.W. The procession, thousands strong, marched four abreast with revolutionary banners bearing many strange devices. I had been long enough in the States to recognize the type of the demonstrators; they were in the main the emigrant type—men who had come, or whose fathers had brought them as children, from the politically backward countries of Europe, with their long tradition of repression and tyranny, of secret societies and conspiracy. Suddenly, as I watched, and as if by some pre-arranged signal, the procession broke rank and stormed a flagstaff where the Stars and Stripes was flying. They attempted to tear down the flag—the flag, be it said, of the country which had opened its gates to them and given them a liberty of association and demonstration denied to them in their homelands. Immediately, as if from nowhere, the mounted police appeared. A bomb was thrown from the mob of demonstrators, and one or two saddles were emptied. Then the police charged and cleared the Square, and I escaped into the subway. It was an ugly episode, and an English reader of the news next morning might have said, "How typically American!" But in fact it was Europe that supplied the incident, and many more of the same sort. This is not to say that the United States has not, like other countries, a black record of its own, but it is to say that some of the sombre brood of American problems were laid, if not hatched, in Europe.

I have sometimes been asked what I found to be the greatest difference between life in the States and life in England, and I have fallen back on the conventional answer that we British are much more tethered to tradition. But this is hardly as true as it seems. The American is bound to tradition too, but the tradition is different. Ours is on the whole the conservative tradition; America's is that of innovation and experiment. The American will try anything once. But, speaking confessionally, I found the difference reflected in myself: I found myself much "cheekier" in the States, much more sure of myself, and perhaps also less self-conscious, than ever I was allowed to be in the old country. In illustration of this I recall sitting one summer afternoon on a bench in what was then (and may be still) the main square in Detroit. My companion was an English friend on his first visit to the States. Perhaps my youthful eloquence about "the land of the free" pro-

voked him to a greater show of scepticism than he felt, but at all events I determined upon a demonstration. "You see that man over there", I said, "smoking a cigar. I don't know him; I have not seen him before; but what would you say if I went up to him and, without speaking a word, took the cigar from his mouth, lighted my own with it, put it back in his mouth, and came away—all without a word?" My sceptical friend said he would believe it could be done when he had seen me do it. A minute later I had presented him with the demonstration, and he had conceded that some things could be done in America which could not be done at home. Yet in the Detroit and Chicago of my day there was nothing out of the way in the little experiment. The tradition of the easy *camaraderie* of the Middle West still lingered, and a smile of salutation was enough to ensure the neighbourly courtesy of a light for one's cigar!

I recollect hearing a much-travelled Jew who had made his home in the States relate how, somewhere in Lithuania, he accosted an old peasant who, with his wife (who followed behind, laden with bundles), was making for the railway station. He found that they were returning to America. "Why", he inquired, "are you going back? Didn't you save enough money when you were over there to live comfortably here, and wasn't that what you wanted to do?" And I recall the old man's reply. "Yes, sure—sure enough: but here it is somehow not good. Big man here, he not say to me, 'Hello Mike, how's the wife? How's the kids?' Big boss in America, he say it. I go back where the big boss he say, 'Hello, Mike'".

It must not be thought that I am writing to the thesis that America is the only "God's own country", or that, by and large, it is a more desirable land than Great Britain. I do not say so. Twenty-eight years ago, after eight years in the States, I elected to return to England; but I returned with the knowledge that America had imparted to me much that was beyond all price for which I must be grateful as long as memory endures.

II. But it is time to turn from personal recollections to weightier matters. If there has been one thing above all others which, in recent times, has come between us and the United States, it was America's action in repudiating Woodrow Wilson's commitments and side-stepping the League of Nations. To Wilson belongs the prophetic honour of having made vocal and articulate the high conscience of mankind in his plea for a true world-community—"not a balance of power but a community of power, not organized rivalries but an organized common peace": but hardly was the ink of his signature dry on the parchment which implemented that ideal when America disowned the engagement. We had

been let down. The decision was deplorable and tragic, not alone from our point of view, but also from that of millions of Americans; but here again much of our criticism fell short of an informed appreciation of the American tradition—and even of our own.

We have all heard by now the malicious story of the man who was run out of town by an enraged American mob and threatened with lynching because he did not believe in the Monroe Doctrine. To the sheriff who arrived in the nick of time the wretched man was able to gasp out his defence: "I never said I didn't believe in the Monroe Doctrine. I do believe in it. I love the Monroe Doctrine. I would die for it. All I said was that I didn't know what it meant". Probably the inventor of the story forgot that one of the virtues of the Monroe Doctrine is that, as a formulation of policy, it is so simple that no one could possibly fail to understand it. In its author's own words (James Monroe was the fifth President of the U.S. and died in 1831) it runs as follows:

Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs.

This was the two-edged instrument of American policy which for successive generations was wielded as the sword of the American spirit; this was the doctrine which became a legend, a tradition, an article of faith almost as authoritative as Holy Writ. It was the ghost of Monroe which, like the spirit of Samuel rebuking Saul, rose up against Wilson in 1919.

It is easy for us to see that today such a doctrine stands condemned as unrealistic and immoral. It ought not to be so easy for us to forget that until very recent times it needed only the necessary verbal alteration to convert it into a formula of British policy acceptable to the self-interest and conscience of a great mass of our British people. In the last century there was, at least on the religious side, no more representative spokesman of the plain people of these islands than Charles Haddon Spurgeon. In 1859, preaching in the Surrey Gardens Music Hall on the eve of the Austrian-Italian war, Mr. Spurgeon referred to the threatened conflict. God forbid, he exclaimed, that the English nation should touch it:

If tyrants fight, let them fight; let free men stand aloof. Why should England have aught to do with all the coming battles? As God has cut us off from Europe by a boisterous sea, so let us be kept apart from all broils and turmoils into which tyrants and their slaves may fall.

This was the Monroe Doctrine Anglicized and expressed in the terminology of sanctity. The excuse for English isolationism was

a strip of water twenty miles wide; between America and Europe rolled three thousand miles of Atlantic ocean.

"Withal the esurient Powers of Europe, their eyes turning hungrily toward the unoccupied territories of the American continent, continued to give the States good reason for keeping Monroe's two-edged sword loose in its sheath. There was, for example, the Maximilian affair, when Napoleon III sought to turn Mexico into a French puppet-State on the very frontiers of the Republic. The United States promptly sent General Sherman with a fighting force to the Mexican border, and Napoleon abandoned his adventure and his unfortunate dupe. It was a vindication of the Monroe policy. Monroe's body had lain five-and-thirty years in the grave, but his Doctrine was marching on.

But there was a difficulty which impeded its progress. English isolationism committed England to the oversight and protection of no more than her own dominions; the Monroe Doctrine committed the United States to a defensive supervision not only of the Union but of all the Central and South American countries. For in fact the two clauses about not being "entangled in the broils of Europe" and never suffering Europe "to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs" implied a third clause not expressed, namely, that the United States assumed the right to intervene, if necessary, in the affairs of the other sovereign countries of the American continent—an assumption which Theodore Roosevelt was not slow to act upon. This policy might have been acceptable if the United States had been in a position to absorb the export trade of these neighbour-countries; but it was not; they were dependent upon Europe, and the United States was their competitor; accordingly any supervision or intervention was apt to be resented. This was the kink in the Monroe Doctrine. How could the Doctrine, that is to say, be enforced without the cordial agreement of the neighbour-States of the American continent? And how could this agreement be effected unless the U.S. and the neighbour-countries were constituted as a more or less self-contained economic *bloc*? And how could Washington secure this *bloc* so long as the neighbour States were exporting more goods to Europe than to the northern Republic?

This was the situation which Hitler undoubtedly took into account before the war. When once he had established his New Order in Europe he believed that, with his weapons of economic pressure and infiltration, he could pierce the guard of the Monroe Doctrine or any other weapons of defence which Washington might forge, and make his own terms with the countries of the South and Centre, one by one.

And this was the situation which the United States had to measure in the pre-war years. No doubt we may say that it

should have had the effect of throwing the United States and Great Britain into each other's arms, but unhappily there were obstacles in the way. There was, there as here, a lag in popular recognition of the common danger; public opinion in the States, like public opinion in the European democracies, was by no means awake to the full significance of the Nazi menace. Secondly, British policy up to Munich, together with the general collapse of collective security, had alienated American sympathy. And thirdly, the menace of Japan in the Pacific deflected American attention from Europe. Therefore, so long as Britain was putting its hope in the appeasement of Germany, Italy, and Japan, there was small inducement for America to develop a militant pro-British policy. With John Bull muttering audibly to himself that he was not going to be the moral policeman of Europe there was some excuse if Uncle Sam, or more correctly, some of his underlings, showed an inclination to say the same. Europe, they felt, was not on their beat.

Fortunately for the world, President Roosevelt's policy of the Good Neighbour, supplanting his namesake's policy of the Big Stick, has contributed a new and constructive chapter to Pan-American history. The Monroe Doctrine has been continentalized into something like a Pan-American League of Nations—into a system of equal States united for neighbourly co-operation and defence. The Lima Declaration of 1938 and the Havana Conference of 1940 mark the solidarity of the Americas. Hitler, using Japan as his cat's paw to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, is likely to find that the embers have been stoked up to a new and forbidding intensity—and cat's paws are not asbestos.

III. Enough, perhaps, has been said in this sketchy review to indicate some of the factors in American attitudes and reactions during the pre-war years; enough to remind us, as Mr. Hinton would remind us, that we must not think of the United States as an immensely larger but younger and less experienced England which ought to be glad in times of crisis to conform its policy to our own, or that Mr. Roosevelt can do with his Americans precisely what Mr. Churchill can do with his Englishmen. Americans are Americans and not Englishmen born abroad: they will continue to follow their own line, and when they hear the imperative calls of God and Humanity they must be trusted to make their own response in their own way.

But now, precisely because this is so, precisely because the drawing together of our two great Commonwealths, with their stupendous resources and their aggregation of 580 millions of the world's population, is not an affair of mere racial sentiment but is impelled, certainly by common interests, but not less certainly by

a common conscience and a common recognition of the things of the spirit—because of this we may look with something akin to awe upon this confluence of mighty forces, as if destiny were almost visibly at work.

All civilizations are experiments in co-operation and community, and for the last two thousand years our western civilization has been seeking the *centrum* for an enduring union of peoples and States. When Cæsarism disintegrated, the Papacy became the new centre; when the Holy Roman Empire finally collapsed the Holy Alliance offered itself, with curious effrontery, as the new providential authority for preserving the integrity of Europe: the failure of the Alliance and of the no less pitiable "Concert of Europe" led a centre-less civilization to decline through Balance of Power fatuities into a moral anarchy and insanity which resulted in the first world-war. It was from America that the initiative of a new *centrum* proceeded, and the Wilsonian dream of an organized common peace materialized into the League of Nations. With the decline of the League a civilization without a centre has once more collapsed in blood and fire. A *centrum* we must have, and it seems as if the inexorable finger of Destiny were pointing to our two great English-speaking Commonwealths to form the nucleus around which a new order and a new freedom may be organized. It will not be a kingdom of heaven upon earth. Within its frontiers, no less than now, the conflict between flesh and spirit, between justice and injustice, will continue to be waged; but if its frontiers will be inviolable against terror, tyranny and want, and if, within the bounds of this community of peoples, men striving forward by the light of reason and conscience and a free faith may live together as men and not as soulless creatures of the State, then, by the grace of God and out of the interwoven traditions and aspirations of Britain and America, something new and great will emerge in the life of Humanity.

We have found Mr. Watkin W. Williams's *Life* of his grandfather, *General Sir Charles Warren* (Blackwell, 25s.), of absorbing interest. Warren had a varied career, but Mr. Williams integrates his picture, and reveals a pleasing personality from boyhood until old age, when the veteran of 86 writes "Always pretty busy", and, clad in Scout uniform, moves among the boys. Excavation in Palestine, searching in Egypt for the lost Palmer, surveying and fighting in Griqualand and Bechuanaland, in charge of the Metropolitan Police during difficult years, in the Far East, the South African War, and then a long old age devoted to the service of youth: all this, with a host of different activities, is vividly described. Warren got a "raw deal" in South Africa, especially in regard to Spion Kop, where many people blundered; if his methods had been followed from the start the campaign would have been much shorter. Warren was a practising Christian who was not ashamed of his faith: few will read this "labour of love" without acquiring an affection for him themselves.

MISSIONARY APOLOGIA TODAY.

By the Rev. H. G. NEWSHAM, M.A.

THE question which this article is intended to put might not unfairly, if at first sight absurdly, be thrown into the form: "Is the modern Missionary Movement going Nazi?"

The query first formulated itself in the writer's mind after reading two deservedly highly commended little books; the one *Who claims the world?*, by Cecil Northcott; the other *Sir, we would see Jesus*, by a young Tamil, D. T. Niles, who has an influential status in Student Christian Movement circles in India, Burma, and Ceylon. It seemed such a preposterous query that, beyond raising it for discussion in a fraternal where moonbeams from the larger lunacy are not infrequent, no further enlightenment was sought. But the question will not lie down. A recent challenge in the *Congregational Quarterly*, by a member of the Churches of Christ Mission in Nyasaland, to theological liberalism, while it did not directly deal with the point at issue, seemed a skirmish on the flanks. The writer thereupon showed his hand to a very devoted servant of the missionary enterprise who unhesitatingly advised him to put it down on the table for general inspection. "It will do good", he said, "in stimulating further thought on the character of the claims of Christ and the way in which these are to be stated by the whole Church". That is precisely the urgent concern behind this article. For evangelism at home and overseas is, with whatever differing emphases due to differences of environment, one task. All, therefore, who are persuaded that Jesus Christ is the world's only hope of salvation must take counsel together, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, about the manner in which that conviction shall be presented to the world.

Accordingly, it is proposed to select for scrutiny and comment a few passages from the books named above. Mr. Northcott, on p. 35, quotes approvingly a paragraph from Kraemer's *The Christian Message in a non-Christian World*, which declares that

the only valid and indestructible foundation of missions is the apostolic consciousness of joyful obedience to God's will as manifested in the revelation of Christ, and our gratitude for this Divine gift. All questions of superiority in the field of cultural achievement or psychological religious experience are irrelevant in this context. No pretensions whatever, derived from presumably superior ethical or religious or cultural elements, have anything whatever to do with the apostolic claim and obligation of Christianity.

It is to be observed, in passing, that Kraemer cannot ignore psychological and subjective factors in his claim for the obligatoriness (as he calls it) of Christianity, for he posits as the only valid foundation "the apostolic *consciousness of joyful obedience*". But the arresting point in this declaration is that no pragmatic appeal whatever to the believed need of the world for Christ, nor to the effects in non-Christian communities of the acceptance of the Lordship of Christ, has anything more to do with our claims for Christ than the flowers that bloom in the spring. Indeed Kraemer puts it categorically, lest there be a loophole for misunderstanding, "speaking fundamentally, it is immaterial whether the world asks for it or not". If this be so, Christianity would seem to be just one further dogmatism among the jealous dogmas of the world. It becomes another mystic claim, based upon the devotee's private awareness of joyful obedience and unquestioning acceptance. The Jew has made the same claim for the *Torah*, Islam for the *Koran*, the Japanese for State Shintoism, and the loyal Nazi for "the consciousness of joyful obedience to God's will as manifested in the revelation of the Führer, and his gratitude for this Divine gift". The writer has stood in many a Buddhist temple and gazed at those hypnotic images of the Buddha, with the folded hands, the closed eyes, and the unearthly serenity of countenance. And he has asked himself, "Which is the truer symbol of reality: the impressive Buddha; or the Christ of Calvary and the Empty Tomb?" It did not occur to him that the only answer to this question lay in the apostolic consciousness of joyful obedience, *etc.*, to the exclusion of all consideration of the effects in psychological experience, social and community life, religious insight and aspiration, humanitarian and political endeavours, which flow from those widely differing symbols. Is it not, in point of fact, just because they fail to see these effects manifested amongst us with the conspicuousness they expect that many visitors to so-called Christendom from the Far East return sadly disillusioned? Our reaction should not be either to say their expectation was misguided, or to cease emphasizing the concrete, matter-of-fact implications of the Gospel for personal and social life. Rather should it be a profound sense of contrition, and a renewed consecration, that this offence to our Master may be removed. When John the Baptist was worried about the validity of the claims being made for Jesus, the answer sent to confirm his faith was this: "Go and tell John the things which ye do hear and see" (not, be it observed, the things you feel!); "the blind receive their sight and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, and the dead are raised up, and the poor have good tidings preached to them". In other, and equally sacred, words: "By their fruits ye shall know them".

The contention of Kraemer and his expositor, however, is emphatically underscored by Niles. "No other evangelistic approach", he writes,

is adequate except the simple assertion that Christ is the will of God for man; that in Him God was and is seeking us; and that by our response to Christ we will satisfy or fail to satisfy God.

Again, he writes, "The evangelist's attitude must be that of confrontation". If this be true, then who is to deny that Adolf Hitler is the perfect evangelist, for he has reduced the practice of "simple assertion" to a fine art! No doubt, the relation between "what is asserted" and the person who does the asserting will play some part in the success or otherwise of the evangelistic campaign. Pearl Buck in *Fighting Angel* describes an evangelist who read the Beatitudes as though he were hurling cannon-balls at the congregation. But, on Kraemer's logic, this should not greatly matter¹. The Roman Church, which insists that the priestly instrument is efficacious apart altogether from its personal character, is consistent on this point. Now we appear to have Protestantism preparing for the same divorce in evangelism. At any rate, we seem to be approaching that non-rational world of Alice, where what you are told thrice is true, if "simple assertion" is the one adequate evangelistic approach.

It is often said, after a broadcast of ten-year-old records of music, speeches, and events, that it is hard to believe they are only a decade distant in the time of their occurrence, so remarkably has the political and psychological climate changed. A similar change has taken place between Jerusalem 1928 and Madras 1938. The Christian attitude towards non-Christian faiths is resuming, for some at least of its advocates, the simple assertion of the obligation to bathe in the waters of Jordan while declining, apparently, to respond to any plea from Naaman for proof of its potency as compared with Abanah and Pharpar. "I often used to deliver the challenge of Jesus", says Mr. Niles (p. 48),

in terms of an experiment. "Taste and see if the Lord is good", I often said to my Buddhist and Hindu friends. But now I see how unfortunate and inadequate that method was.

Inadequate, yes. But . . . unfortunate!!

Dogmatism and simple asseveration are not necessarily the marks of assured conviction. They are not unknown to be defence mechanisms of insecurity and doubt. To suggest that this is the explanation of the resurgence of authoritarianism in the modern missionary claim, as thus expounded, would be altogether unjust. Yet Mr. Niles does say something so startling that one

¹ *Ex hypothesi*, it is "to introduce pretensions derived from presumably superior ethical or religious elements".

reader at least had to read the passage half a dozen times to make sure he wasn't dreaming. "Alternative explanations", he declares, are contesting, and in many cases contesting successfully, the field covered by the Christian apologia. The Marxist interpretation of history is just as consistent as that of the apologist.

Does the advocate of "simple assertion" fear that this is the skeleton in the Christian cupboard? No wonder simple assertion is advocated, if he does. Face to face with deterministic-communism he says, "I have to admit this philosophy of history is as valid as the Christian". Not the least striking feature of that strange admission is the casualness with which it is made. One would have expected some recognition of the magnitude of the withdrawal from the front line of Christian intellectual endeavour that it implies. Christianity, in fact, renouncing its apologetics! Christian thinkers admitting that, as between Marx and themselves, so far as rational considerations go, a man may sensibly toss for it! The choice of Jesus in the throes of those three temptations in the wilderness, a choice that we cannot even begin to justify on rational, historical, or experiential grounds! As between Christ Who declares "Man does not live by bread alone" and materialist-communism which says he does, only "simple assertion" is the adequate means of gaining a decision! Apologetics, where Barth's influence reigns, can be nothing more than the elaboration of dogma. This fact has rarely been more frankly admitted, and apparently welcomed, than in the sentences of Mr. Niles that we have quoted.

Both the books that have been mentioned, it is but right to state, are books to which the writer is greatly indebted. But even at the risk of being unfair to their contents and their spirit, it is only to accord them the serious regard to which they are entitled, and still more the supreme theme with which they deal, to submit them to the microscope. They claim to set forth a considered judgment for the *raison d'être* of Christian missions and evangelism by writers representative of the home and foreign field. It is of vital importance to ask whether or not this declamatory emphasis in evangelism is worthy of all acceptance.

There is one further sentence of Mr. Northcott's which requires noting. "The Gospel would remain", he writes on p. 34, "even if no man or woman were found to respond to it in faith". This, at first glance, is impressive. It is reminiscent of Christina Rossetti's "Thou would'st remain, though suns and universes ceased to be". But further reflection makes one wonder what is really meant. Suppose we change the words "were found" to "had been found". Would there have been a Gospel if men and women had not been found to respond to it in faith? The Gospel we possess, and for

which we give God the glory, has actually been transmitted to us through a human experience. It is not the pure white radiance of eternity. It has been refracted through the experience of a Peter, a John, a Paul, an Augustine, a Luther, a Wesley, a parent and teacher and pastor. We suspect Mr. Northcott's statement to indicate in his view the existence of some Word of God, unmediated by the word and experience of man, and therefore removed from human scrutiny. For our part we should say that a Gospel to which men and women were not found to respond in faith, and could not say clearly the needs which led them to respond nor the glorious consequences of their response, would be suspect as a Gospel at all.

The Gospel confronts us with the same dilemma as does Reality itself; and truth is not served by pretending the dilemma does not exist. The quest for the pure stuff of the objective world has had, since the *Critiques* of Kant, to be abandoned. We cannot divorce what God has joined together: the active subject and the experienced object. So with the Gospel. We cannot hope to reach back through the accumulations of the centuries, or to work upon the palimpsests of the New Testament documents, and reach at last some original Word of God untouched by human experience. Jesus Himself would discourage us in such a quest. He took no steps whatever to ensure an independent record of His life and teaching apart from the content that would, by a process of inevitable selection, be preserved in the memories of those who knew Him. His Gospel, in its very nature, was intended for the perilous, but magnificent, adventure of life. It was to be as leaven, buried in the meal of human experience, fermenting, quickening, and itself developing in the process. It was to sink in the earth as a grain of wheat or as a mustard seed, and by interaction between its own divine potencies and those of the soil engage upon the adventure of growth. From the outset, sheer objectivity, anything in the nature of "take it or leave it", confrontation and assertion pure and simple, was never the way of Jesus. Immaturity demanded it of Him more than once. "If Thou art the Christ tell us plainly!" But He declined to make any such forthright proclamation. Men were challenged to use their minds. They were encouraged to search their own souls. They were urged to plunge into life at the impulse of their highest values. "How think ye?" was a favourite question of Jesus.

We are living in a time of recoil from Pragmatism. Though, paradoxically, there are "revelations", and "givens", and "world purposes", alleged to be beyond discussion or comparison with alternatives, which compel truth and justice to be manipulated drastically to make the revelation work. Certain defenders of the "faith once given to the saints" give the impression that the quest

of truth, *per se*, is subsidiary to their aim of keeping the Creed in some sort of working order. Thus, pragmatism rises in far more deadly fashion from its tomb. But that is by the way. The present emphasis upon the transcendental, upon "confrontation by a given", the present authoritarianism in theology and politics, is the result of a recoil from error. And protests against errors, it has been well said, become in their turn errors—a truth whose edge almost certainly can be turned against the protest of this article! What is the error from which our "assertionists" are recoiling? The Archbishop of York in his Gifford lectures stated:

I regard the whole habit and system of thought which was characteristic of the Middle Ages as a thesis to which the history of philosophy from Descartes until the present day has presented an antithesis. . . The process has worked itself out . . . we are witnessing the end of what has until lately been described as modern philosophy or modern thought. . . It presented as the starting point of enquiry the assurance of the individual consciousness about itself and its own contents and it tries to work outwards from there.

Beyond question, the pendulum is swinging far away indeed from Descartes today. Psycho-analysis has given it a big push—or is it swinging away as fast as it can through fear of what may yet be revealed about the unconscious roots of our conscious experience? None the less, the present position is not a permanent position. It will not endure for anything like the length of what the Archbishop has called modern thought. For the problems remain. The controversy between the Realists and the Idealists continues. We are confronted by a Reality independent of us. Yet it is constituted, as we know it, and as in this life we can only know it, by our own activities of selection and valuation and synthesis. The political parallels of philosophical Realism are Totalitarianism, Dictatorships, Mystical Destinies of Chosen People. They imply that the individual has no say in choosing or determining the ends for which he shall live and die. His part is but to bow the neck and blindly obey the revelation. The Prophet, the Leader, does not condescend to argue or reason. He runs no risk of bubbles being burst by the rapiers of debate. He proclaims. He confronts. He demands. Similarly, Barthianism, in its varying hues, is the theological parallel. The fact that Barthians have been conspicuous in their defiance of political totalitarianism must not blind us to the true significance of that fact. It is really an instance of diamond-cut-diamond; although tribute must be paid to the insight into the content of the Christian revelation which has inspired resistance to the foul racial doctrines of the Nazis. Nevertheless, the basic thing in the conflict is that when two intolerances meet, the dust begins to fly. The same is true of the Roman Catholic opposition

to Hitlerism. Much as it is to be applauded when it is on true Christian grounds, one cannot feel altogether happy when the Vatican protests against an absolutism which it would not hesitate to display itself had it the necessary power. It is hard to discover the grounds on which one claimant to infallibility can resist the claims of another, particularly when the claim resisted happens to be in a position to say that its right is proved conclusively by its might. The controversy, surely, must descend into the arena of reasonable discussion, of appeal to experience, of a willingness to allow the actual effects and consequences and ideals of the respective "revelations" to be set alongside one another. But this, of course, is to depart from the transcendental grounds of pure givenness, simple assertion, and sheer confrontation.

The trouble is with authoritarianism, of all kinds, as with the monk in the old ditty. When overshadowed by a more successful authoritarianism, it becomes exceedingly reasonable. When it is top-dog again, it reverts to its thunders, anathemas, infallibilities, and heresy hunting. There is, as yet, little or no evidence that authoritarian Christianity, strongly as it protests against curtailment of its own liberties, is a convert to belief in Freedom or that it is prepared to behold the fruits of the Spirit in other orchards than its own. An unequivocal declaration that it is would be an event of the first magnitude in these chaotic times.

The law that bad money pushes out the good is of wide application. There is danger of widespread infection by totalitarian germs. Dogma will then oppose dogma; claim will be met by counter-claim; mystic certainty will vie with mystic certainty. We need something better than this if Christianity is to bridge the world's gulfs, heal the world's wounds, and reconcile men to men and man to God. "Simple assertion", in the long run, can avail little. Where it is not futile it will exacerbate. Time was when many Christians rejoiced that the name of their religion did not end in "ism". Are we not in some danger, not merely of ceasing so to rejoice, but in being persuaded that we ought to be ashamed and should repent that we ever did so rejoice?

ALSO RECEIVED.

- J. W. JAMES. *Outline Addresses*. Indep. Press. 1s. 23 outlines for the use of parents and teachers.
- JOHN MACBEATH. *The Silent Bells*. Pickering. 1s.
- Friendship Calendar, 1942*. L.M.S. 1s. 6d.
- Map of L.M.S. Missions. L.M.S. 1s. 6d.
- H. L. HEMMENS. *George Grenfell, Peace Pioneer*. Religious Education Press. 1s. 3d.
- The World We're Fighting For*. S.C.M. 2s. 6d. Broadcast talks by Monsignor R. A. Knox, Dr. G. L. Russell, and the Revs. Anthony Otter and W. J. Noble.
- STEPHEN BAILEY. *Two Septembers, 1939 and 1940*. Allen & Unwin. 1s. A diary of events in Warsaw and London.
- ROM LANDAU. *Hitler's Paradise*. Faber. 2s. 6d.
- MICHAEL BRUCE. *Prayers in time of Strife*. S.P.C.K. 1s. Offered to Anglicans and Free Churchmen to meet the needs of both.

A STUDY IN TONE.

By the Rev. T. E. MORRIS.

How did Jesus speak? Many a time, in reading the Scriptures, one is prompted to ask the question because of a stiffness in the rendering. Textual criticism has shed a good deal of light on the growth and construction of the Christian scriptures; modern translation has done much to bring out the finer shades of meaning in many a passage; but there remains something which is not always captured. It is the tone in which Jesus spoke His message. We learn that the common language was Aramaic, a speech that was freer than and not so guttural as Hebrew, yet not so flexible and expressive as Greek. Whatever dialect the Master spoke, we feel that we should catch more of His meaning in certain things if we could hear the tone in which He spoke.

From a close reading of the Gospels, it seems that there are three groups of passages. The first, and by far the biggest, consists of paragraphs and sayings which are almost axiomatic: they give their message as they stand. *Matthew's* version of the Sermon on the Mount, for instance, brings the matter to us independent of the voice that spoke. Then, there are other passages which depend partly upon the "half concealed, half revealed" tone in which they were spoken. In most cases they are conversations between Jesus and other persons. There are moods in which we unconsciously change the emphasis and the truth leaps out. The third group is a small one: either the disciples cannot have heard aright, or the tone, and therefore the inner meaning, has been lost in passing from one language into another.

Both Jesus and Paul were aware of the inadequacy of mere words. Jesus, as *Luke* has reported (8¹⁸), added the rider, "Take heed *how* ye hear". And Paul, in *2 Cor.* 3⁶, was careful to declare that he and his fellow labourers were "ministers . . . not of the letter but of the spirit". Were it only in view of this, the written word cannot be taken with strict literalness if we wish to do justice to the message it conveys.

In the second group, tone is apparent only as an outcrop. One or three will suffice to indicate the tone flowing through the words. *Luke* has placed on record a retort (13³³) through which scathing tone flashes. "Go ye, tell that fox . . .". We can hear the voice as we scan the words. Another instance is that where Jesus turns the shaft back upon His critics (*Mt.* 11¹⁹; *Lk.* 7³⁴): "and ye say . . . a friend of publicans and sinners". The sneer cast at Him has survived translation. And can it be imagined that this Friend

would speak accusingly to an unfortunate (*Jn.* 8¹⁰) in asking, "Hath no man condemned thee?"

In the second group tone is apparent only as an outcrop. One has to listen for it since it does not come clearly through the written word. This may be due to translation, as in the incident of the Syrophenician woman, given by both *Mk.* (7²⁴⁻²⁹) and *Mt.* (15²¹⁻²⁸). Quoting *Mt.*, Jesus said, "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel". Where is the emphasis to be laid? How were the words spoken? The context suggests a certain hardness, or unwillingness, on the part of Jesus. Dr. Moffatt's rendering hardens the tone: "It was only to the lost sheep of the house of Israel that I was sent". From another angle, it is likely that this is a turning point in the ministry of Jesus, immediately before it was felt that what the Jew would not receive the Gentile might. But in comparing the *A.V.* passage with that from Dr. Moffatt's translation, as far as tone goes, the former, with an emphasis on "but", may well be read as a kindly rebuke to the disciples, while the latter seems a confirmation of their attitude. A further point in the narrative assists in hearkening to the voice of the Master. The word *kunariois*, rendered "dogs", is not the term that was commonly used to describe Gentiles. This is a diminutive, conveying a milder tone.

Then what of the passage, in its various forms, "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it"? A. E. Housman called it "the most important truth that has ever been uttered, and the greatest discovery ever made in the moral world". This passage is found six times in the gospels: once in *Mk.* (8³⁵), twice in *Mt.* (10³⁹ and 16²⁵), twice in *Lk.* (9²⁴ and 17³³), and once in *Jn.* (12²⁵). What an impression was left on the minds of the disciples that they should have transmitted the teaching so definitely! And yet, they themselves seem to be trying to recapture something that was missing. The Fourth Gospel has a more emphatic comparative emphasis: "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal". The comparison between *psuche* and *zoe*—individual life and total life—is due to a Greek influence rather than to the original influence, and does not clarify the issue. The interest lies in the way in which the Evangelists (and others after them) re-stated the words of Jesus to try and convey His tone in delivering the message.

Tone is significant because it is more closely wedded to the spirit of the speaker than even the most appropriately chosen words. The term has been used metaphorically, and with effect, as in the "tone" of a service—an atmosphere in which the giving and receiving are interwoven and listeners "hang on every word". It is that intangible quality behind the spoken word that gives it

value. A casual reading of the scriptures will not reveal it, for tone is found only "between the lines", as it were. It cannot be written. It "breathes upon the word and brings the truth to light".

In the third group there are bits of conversation which are, to us, largely enigmatic. One instance is *Mk.*'s passage (8³⁷), "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" The same form of the question is found also in *Mt.* (16²⁶). Why "give"? Why should it not be "What shall a man *be given* in exchange for his soul?" Jesus spoke in parables; He illuminated His message with simile; He impressed truth on the minds of His hearers in epigrams; and a fourth must be added—the use of the enigma, thus forcing men to turn things over in their own thoughts, and leading them forward into further study and further understanding of life.

The hidden tone is sought again in another passage, given by *Mk.* (4¹²), *Mt.* (13¹³⁻¹⁵), and *Lk.* (8¹⁰). The earliest version is, "... that seeing they may see and not perceive; and hearing, they may hear and not understand; lest at any time they should be converted, and their sins should be forgiven them". This, on the face of it, contradicts all that Jesus set out to do. Commenting on these varying renderings by the first three Evangelists, the Century Bible says, "All this points to a special factor of variation working in the Christian tradition, *viz.*, a change in the understanding of Jesus' motive in this matter". Again, without being oppressed by the theory, there is a feeling for the tone—the lost cadences of the voice that spoke. A similar seeking pause is prompted by the sentences: "He that is not against us is for us" (*Mk.* 9⁴⁰ and *Lk.* 9⁵⁰) and "He that is not with me is against me" (*Mt.* 12³⁰). The two points of view, though diametrically opposite, have a certain amount of truth. The passages, recorded by *Mark* and *Luke*, lean towards a broad view, while *Mt.*'s rendering gives an exclusive idea of Christianity. A final instance, by no means exhausting the number of examples, is the petition in the Lord's Prayer: "Lead us not into temptation". When the time came for the Evangelists to gather together the remembered teachings of the Lord, some of the significant tones were lost. In reminding one another of the way He spoke, and the emphasis He laid, and the look in His eyes, it was possible to preserve much of that which added to the value of the words spoken. But here and there the tone has been overlaid by the written word. How was it in this case when He taught them to enter into communion with God? The petition is not wrong, but we need to capture something of the way in which it was said. We cannot be dogmatic, but it is difficult to hear Jesus speaking this sentence—at any rate in English. And the underlying Greek only shows the power that has not been fully conveyed in the *A.V.* The word *eis-enengkes*, given as "lead", should be "force us (not) into . . .". Did Jesus mean this? If

so, how does it enter into our experience? As it stands, it suggests that God might possibly bring us into temptation. The experience of temptation is common to all, Jesus included. It is by overcoming temptation that we are made strong, therefore to shield us from temptation would make us moral weaklings. Paul's word, in *1 Cor.* 10¹³, is an apt comment: ". . . but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able . . . but will . . . make a way to escape". This, then, may be allowed as an attempt to capture the tone.

The marvel is that He who spoke still speaks so distinctly in many tongues. He has come through the hearing and speech and writing of men in past centuries and waits upon our understanding and the moving of our spirit. "He comes to us", says Albert Schweitzer,

as of old by the lakeside He came to those who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same words, "Follow thou Me", and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfil for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who He is.

What a disappointment! And "all the boys who were boys when I was a boy" will share the disappointment, for they will open Mr. John Buchan's *The Long Traverse* (Hodder, 7s. 6d.) with eyes shining at thoughts of Richard Hannay and Peter. And they will find an attempt to teach the history of Canada to boys, though they will not be told about this until they reach the Epilogue. A schoolboy is given the power to look back and see some of the adventurous episodes in his country's history, a creaking method much below the wizard's standard. Here and there, both in the episodes (as, e.g., that of Cadieux's fight) and in the poems which divide them, there are glimpses of Buchan's genius, but we close the book feeling we have been had!

Masaryk, says Mr. W. Preston Warren in *Masaryk's Democracy* (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.), stands "at one of the highest peaks in socio-personal history", and he makes good the claim that his hero's power lay "in social effectiveness through an amazing capacity for intelligent work". Masaryk had encyclopædic knowledge ("His was the master art of life in all its totality"), but the knowledge was not academic; he believed that idealism was practical, and was "the actualizer and embodiment of Plato's philosophy". In him united the theoretical and the practical; he was the true realist, as is well brought out in Mr. Wickham Steed's words:

[he] taught that, unlike the German notion of *Realpolitik*, realism in politics consists not of a cynical disregard of principles but of a scrupulous reckoning with facts, moral and material; that honesty is not only the best policy but the only safe guide in public as in private life; and that character, not astuteness or trickery, is the first requisite in a statesman.

This is a book to be read. "Functon" on p. 104 needs correction.

TWO POETS LAUREATE AND "THE IDYLLS OF THE KING".

By WILLIAM SAUNDERS.

IT is not generally known that John Masefield, the present poet laureate, directly challenged comparison with a former holder of the poet-laureateship, Alfred Tennyson, by the production of an epic version of the famous Arthurian legends.

There was no poet of the leisurely, comfortable Victorian Era whose work was more representative of the period and of its particular psychology than was that of Tennyson and, in order to get the full flavour of his verse, it must be read slowly and in a spirit of complete detachment. Masefield, on the other hand, although not exactly the type of versifier that he who *runs* may read, yet writes more crisply and with much less of the ornamentation that actually constitutes the real charm and adds so much to the true enjoyment in the reading of good verse. But even Mr. Masefield is already a little *passé*—and this volume was published in 1928—so rapidly do idioms change and follow one another nowadays. Like Tennyson's great epic, the work also is made up of a number of separate poems, all of them much shorter than are those which combine to form *The Idylls of the King*; some of them indeed are mere lyrics and they do not possess the same coherency as do those of the older writer. Perhaps they are not intended to do so, as the title of the volume is *Midsummer Night and Other Tales in Verse*, but that is a misleading description and, since the poet has given us what is, to say the least, a poetic cycle—taking into account the complete content, and allowing for the difference of idiom and literary outlook, it is as completely epical as is *The Idylls of the King*—the work should certainly have appeared under a generic and more comprehensive title.

Yet it was well that Mr. Masefield should have penned and published his epic too, for he succeeds in humanizing the stories in such a manner as even old Malory himself never attained. Whatever else the poems of Masefield might have been called, however, "Idylls" would have been, most decidedly, the wrong term by which they could have been described. One could no more have imagined Tennyson writing such a verse on the death of Lancelot as this, spoken by Guinevere,

Death cannot make so great a fire drowse;
What though I broke both nun's and marriage vows,
April will out, however hard the boughs,

than one should dream of finding in Masfield such a woman's speech as the following:

Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
I, sometime called the maid of Astolat,
Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
Hither, to take my last farewell of you,

yet each has its own peculiar idiomatic force, and each should live as literature on the highest plane in the genre of each. But a fair comparison may be effected in an examination of their respective modes of treating the judgment of Guinevere. In the poem which he calls "The Old Tale of the Breaking of the Links", Masfield prefaces his description of the lady's trial with a word of doubt as to its authenticity and a hint of the French origin of the legend,

That, Lancelot the brave
Fought and defeated Arthur's Knights, to save
Queen Gwenivere, then sentenced to the fire:—

That, he and she then lived in heart's desire
At Joyous Gard, for certain months or years.

This is Queen Isolt's tale, not Gwenivere's,
Tristan's, not Lancelot's.

And, therefore, feeling that some excuse is necessary, he proceeds,

but since men know
This version best, I tell it also so,

and he then goes on to tell of how

Soon as the colour-giving dawn was seen,
Arthur bade call
His Court, to judge the sinning of his Queen
There in the hall.

But Tennyson sings not of judgment. When his King Arthur visits Guinevere in the nunnery, it is with love rather than hate: with mercy tempering justice:

think not that I come to urge thy crimes,
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at thy feet.

And the eventual punishment, intended and decreed, was in no sense the brutal, bitter judgment of Masfield's Arthur,

No need to question more . . .
Since you are his,
Doubly a traitor to the oaths you swore,
Your sentence is
That you be burned within the public ring

Outside the wall,
Before this noon,
and

take the Queen,
This proven trash
And burn her as a felon on the green
To bitter ash,

but the dignified and more effective

hither shall I never come again,
Never lie by thy side; see thee no more—
Farewell!

There we have a perfect picture of the contrasting elements that lie within the respective literatures of 1869 and 1928.

So likewise in the respective treatments of "The Passing of Arthur", we have unmistakable evidence of the transit from the high idealism of the great Victorian to the more or less gross materialism of post-war writers. I write in no spirit of depreciation of Masefield's genius; and, as regards his style, it needs only that I should quote Tennyson himself,

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,

yet it may still be doubted whether, in a literary and poetic outpouring, the plainer speaking is the better art. There is something strangely repellent in the filthy scoldings of Mordred during the twice-fatal encounter between Arthur and himself, in Masefield's account of the "passing":

I spit upon your fatherhood and you.
You be my friend, who made me suffer scorn
From every living soul since I was born?
My friend, you think? You sorry cuckold; no.
But an account is due
And shall be paid, O luster that begat:
Down to the hell of all my hatings go.

If, in Tennyson's version, there is more dignity and restraint, it cannot be truly asserted that, even in the smallest degree, it lacks in equal power:

Then spake the King: . . .
. . . "one last act of kinghood shalt thou see
Yet, ere I pass". And uttering this the King
Made at the man: then Mordred smote his liege
Hard on that helm which many a heathen sword
Had beaten thin; while Arthur at one blow,
Striking the last stroke with Excalibur,
Slew him, and all but slain himself, he fell.

The poet's son, Hallam, describes "The Passing of Arthur" as

"the temporary triumph of evil, the confusion of moral order, closing in the Great Battle of the West", and so it ends on the great allegorical note of the departure of the barge with the king's body safely laid and attended upon the deck.

Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light.

And there Tennyson lets the matter be. But not so Masefield who, in equally moving and poetical language, describes the final "passing",

Lucan and Bedwyr, propping as they might,
Watched as she passed: they heard the singing range
Through secrets of things hidden and things strange,
And things of beauty not yet found in thought.
The ship seemed made of light,
She travelled by the thrilling of the hymn;
The race a moment with her passing fought,
Then she was on into the distance dim,
And on beyond, and on, and out of sight.

Much might have been forgiven Masefield had he left it there, but, with something approaching anti-climax, he adds a poem entitled "Gwenivere Tells", which opens thus,

So Arthur passed, but country-folk believe
He will return, to triumph and achieve;
Men watch for him on each Midsummer Eve.

They watch in vain, for ere that night was sped,
The ship reached Avalon with Arthur dead;
I, Gwenivere, helped cere him within lead.

I, Gwenivere, helped bury him in crypt,
Under cold flagstones that the ringbolts shipped;
The candles waved, the yellow candles dripped.

Then she goes on to tell how she became Abbess of Amesbury, a false, hypocritical nun, for

love remained a flame within my soul,
and how

night and day my love was as a cry
Calling my lover out of earth and sky
The while I shut the bars against reply,

till, at last, again a message came—from Lancelot—which even more drastically disrupted the peace of mind she sought in vain. And, in still a third poem, "The Death of Lancelot", he sings the triumph of unhallowed love and what the late George Meredith

¹ The seven queens in Masefield's poem (there are only three in Tennyson) who accompanied him in the barge, sang

We bear him to the isle of Avalon,
Where everlasting summer has abode.

might have called "the appeasement of earth"—

And though my spirit be a lost thing blown,
It, in its waste, and, in the grave, my bone,
Will glimmer still from Love, that will atone.

Even yet, the time is not ripe for a final estimate of Tennyson's actual place among the great poets—for it will certainly be with only the greatest that he will rank—and much less easily can that of John Masefield be adjudged. Nor is it, in any sense, the function of such an essay as this to attempt even the merest approximation thereto. But, by comparison—if it be urged that comparisons are invidious, that should be nullified in this instance by Masefield's own tacit challenge—the modern poet, high as he stands in literature, for the reasons embodied in the foregoing examination of the respective versions of the Arthurian legends, must take, at least, second rank to the great Victorian whose work is, to the cultured reader, as fresh today as it was, as Sir Walter Scott might have said, "sixty years since".

Dr. B. J. Kidd's volumes of documents have been of great use to students, and another one is welcome. Vol. III of *Documents Illustrative of the History of the Church* (S.P.C.K., 7s. 6d.) deals with the period c. 500-1500, and it is as interesting as it is serviceable.

Leo's *Passing into Aquarius* (Dakers, 5s.) describes the new age into which the world is moving from the Age of Pisces. The Aquarian age will see the passing away of Sin, Wealth, Death, Pornography, War, Punishment, Nationalism, Competition (even school prizes and reports), and the Churches (these being replaced by true Churches, with no temples made with hands and no priests, but an abundance of good works).

A Life Worth Living (S.C.M., 3s. 6d.) contains thirteen of the Bishop of Lichfield's sermons or broadcast addresses. One does not look to Dr. Woods for profound theology or deep learning; it is his humanity that wins for him a wide circle of readers. These sermons, with their homeliness and familiar, even hackneyed, illustrations, are of the same type as the Bishop's previous books and will no doubt have the same warm welcome.

The Rev. W. G. Peck's illustrations are drawn from sources unfamiliar to the man in the street, if familiar to the theologian—Robert Bridges, Paul Tillich, Berdyaev, Karl Adam—and the like, and his style is such that it is always a pleasure to read him. The trouble is that he will read "catholic" and "sacrament" with capital letters, and so limit their connotation. Thus we get sentences such as these:

Only in Catholic theology is the biblical doctrine of holiness fully expounded. . . . There is no "relevant holiness" but that which the Catholic Faith, the Catholic Church, the Catholic sacraments proclaim.

Defining the terms in our own way we should agree, but when we remember that Mr. Peck forsook Methodism for extreme Anglo-Catholicism we know that our definitions would not be his. Nevertheless we commend his *Return to Holiness* (Dacre Press, 5s.), and trust it will be widely read: it should arouse discontent, even penitence, not only for personal failure, but for the Church's failure too.

DEVELOPMENTS AND EXPERIMENTS.

This Section of our Journal aims at chronicling not only developments in theological thought and in ecclesiastical organization, but also practical experiments in all branches of religious life and service.

Often when successful attempts have been made to solve some problem in one part of the country, the rest of the Churches remain ignorant, and we trust that these pages will not only serve as a clearing-house of ideas and a record of changing emphasis, but also broadcast valuable information of progress in Church and denominational life.

Our representatives in the Colonies and the United States will from time to time contribute accounts of similar movements. The Editor will be glad to consider brief articles serving this purpose.

THE ADULT EDUCATIONAL VENTURE AND RELIGION.

ONE of the most interesting features of modern society is the devotion which has been given to Adult Education. A number of organizations have been formed for giving such education, and still more make the education of adults a part of their activities. So widespread have been these efforts in Great Britain that their co-ordination became desirable. The Board of Education, the British Institute of Adult Education, and, for societies with international interests, the World Association for Adult Education, have been attempting to create a greater sense of united endeavour.

Such belief in Adult Education springs from two sources, representing, perhaps, somewhat contrasted views of life:

1. Adult Education is felt to be necessary on account of the poverty of the education received during the pre-adult years. First, the need was literacy, and when that need was supplied, in the main by our primary educational system, others appeared, having as their psychological basis the feeling of an early deficiency of formal training. Such adults wanted to make up what they felt had been lost in childhood and adolescence. In such a view Adult Education would seem always to be engaged in battle with pre-adult education, which battle should ultimately be lost through the victory of our primary and secondary schools.
2. Life is seen to be a growth in which the possession of knowledge depends upon reaching the state at which what was formal in education becomes vital. We are so constituted that we cannot fully digest learning until the appropriate interest with its emotions has been evoked. Such an emotional interest gives unity to our thinking and acting. The adult experience creates fresh demands, reveals new needs and calls forth a wider understanding of seemingly diverse facts. From this point of view Adult Education is as an essential a part of life as primary or secondary education. Education is appropriate to all stages of human endeavour, and in its latter stages it becomes Adult Education.

Stressing this second conception, the writer desires to consider the possible revitalization of adult educational work in this land, in particular, in those

cases where it is possible to give such a venture a conscious background of spiritual aspiration. It must be fully recognized that there is much to be said for the policy of limiting any piece of adult educational work to the particular activity in hand, and yet at the same time any such limitation of study is made at the expense of completeness of comprehension. If the subject for study is, say, "The Geology of Great Britain", what justification is there for bringing in considerations of a religious or a political character? It would appear that the connection between religion and geology was somewhat remote, and that between politics and geology still more distant. In view of such considerations the adult educationalist who favours a non-religious and non-political basis for such work asks whether we are justified in risking a break in the unity of the group by the introduction of seemingly extraneous matters highly charged with the possibilities of friction. If the study selected were English Literature would not the position be somewhat different? What has English Literature to do with religion or politics? Possibly much: our literature owes a considerable debt to the Bible; much of it is the expression of men and women with strong religious convictions; many of its themes are religious in character. Politics, now become history, are the background of much of our literature. Cannot these facts be recognized and the group kept free from the separatist influences of religious and political differences of opinion? We can aim at giving the studies an objective character, but the main difficulty is not thereby met. If we are studying, say, the poetry of Wordsworth, the centre of interest for many members of the group must be whether or not the poet's vision of the spiritual character of physical nature is an illusion. Did Wordsworth see deeper into the heart of things than his contemporaries, or did he write of an unreal world? Stated in this manner, these observations can be considered as a plea for our adult educational policy which concerns itself with the whole problem of life, but on the other hand it must be fully recognized that people who have been responsible for the organization of adult educational groups know how much the practical difficulties—always great—are increased by attempts to study the whole life-problem by one group of people: limitation, they feel, is the soul of efficient work.

Efficiency in adult educational work—as in all else—is important, but it is not the greatest requirement of an adult educational revival which shall play a large part in shaping the new society. What is most needed is the vision of a new and satisfying world and the inspiration to toil passionately and disinterestedly for its achievement. For this, religion, or something akin to religion, is the basic need. The full justification of the association of religion with adult education must be that the all important need of Adult Education in the post-war years, if it is to be the instrument of such a social revolution as the writer envisages, is that the kind of dynamic which has rarely been found in human history apart from religious faith, and when it has so existed it has tended to become a kind of religion, is foundational to the enterprise. Adult Education in some of its sectional aspects can well be secular in its approach; but, if the above view is correct, there should be a recognition of the underlying spiritual nature of the whole venture.

Adult educational work at present being carried on which places importance on such a spiritual background tends to be of two main types:

1. Adult educational groups which are outside denominational divisions and draw their supporters from members of all denominations and from those outside the churches, but yet endeavour to maintain a spiritual basis for their activities. As illustrating such groups special mention may be made of the Adult Schools founded in 1798 to combat illiteracy. When popular primary education had finally

"liquidated" illiteracy, a wide programme of work was developed, but the religious character of the early work was maintained. Membership of Adult Schools is open to all and a spirit of free inquiry and free discussion is cultivated.

2. Groups organized by a particular church, mainly for the instruction and benefit of its adherents.

These two approaches may be somewhat distinct, but there is no need for them to be completely separated. For instance, the *Lesson Handbook* published annually by the National Adult School Union¹ could be of use to denominational groups. Again, the holding of joint conferences of all organizations in a given area which are engaged in Adult Education on a religious basis could be of value to all concerned.

Can a vital adult educational movement arise which shall be the means of bringing light and freedom to our people? Can we create a movement, indigenous in character, which shall be even more creative and vital to us than the Folk High Schools have been to the peoples of Scandinavia? The formation of such a movement would not, of necessity, mean the setting up of a fresh organization. If possible, it is better to work with organizations which already exist, rather than increase the confusion by the introduction of yet another organization. An adult educational society which has made a vital contribution in the past has a tradition which re-vitalization should preserve and not eclipse. The devotion which a long tradition of loving service fosters should not readily be sacrificed, even if a completely new start might evoke greater vigour. Width and mellowness of vision are needed as well as a newly gathered intensity. Until it has been shown by a deficiency in practical work that the new cannot grow from the old roots, the experiment of letting our new growth develop through organizations which have shown vitality in the past, is worthy of the pioneers of Adult Education.

The difficulties arising from the association of any form of religion with Adult Education are tremendous and belong to the general religious situation in the modern world. In that world there is little unity of belief and much non-belief, and these facts colour in diverse ways everything which happens in our modern society. From this situation with its uncertainty all adult educational efforts on a religious basis must start. At first sight it might appear that these difficulties do not appertain to the denominational forms of adult educational work, but although they apply to a lesser extent to such work, the unrest and the cleavage is so deep that denominational work, if it truly reflects the church responsible for its organization, carries within itself seeds of disunity. If we consider the forms of religion which should be associated with Adult Education it would appear that it must be the religion of deep personal conviction, by whatever name it may be called, which alone will have the power to move the wills of men and women. Unity of belief might be desirable in this venture, but in the modern world it cannot be obtained, and any artificial unity—apart from its lack of honesty—would be too weak to give the adult educational quest the power to reach its goal. The strong and sharp distinctions which spring from deep personal convictions are of more value than vague ideals of the unity of religion, yet it may be true that there is a unity of experience underlying most varied outward expressions of our variously named faiths. The point for the present consideration is the strength of the conviction as a factor in re-shaping the life of man, using Adult Education as one of its chief vehicles. There are certain general convictions, religious in character, which are postulated in this venture, colouring all adult educational activity. Ulti-

¹ For 1942, *Life Wins Through* (3s. & 2s.).

mately, Adult Education involves an assumption, a trust, in the worthwhileness of education, *i.e.*, in the full development of human life and its value to the Universe. Conversely, a Universe for which human beings have a value must be a Universe of greater significance than finds expression in the combined technique of chemist, physicist, and biologist. In this respect, of course, Adult Education is in line with the whole human quest. Without this ultimate faith human activity would appear to take place in a vacuum. Again, the desire to work for the improvement of the human lot through Adult Education and the personal devotion to that end, with its call on us for service which breaks up our self-centred lives and bring us into the select company of those who through the ages have sought the eternal light of knowledge, becomes a kind of religion, even if not consciously recognized as such. The essential methods of the adult educational quest—study, criticism, discussion, and the many-sided approach to problems—tend to fit in more naturally with a religious attitude in which these methods of understanding are valued, than with those of an emotional or ceremonial character. On the other hand, it must be fully recognized that Adult Education, however widely viewed, does not cover the whole ground of religion: it is a sectional view which lacks the completeness of the whole.

The consideration of a programme for post-war adult educational work may emphasize the probability that there will not be many new features. This land has been the scene of a large number of adult educational experiments; and the need is now not so much for the starting of new types of work as the bringing of a new energy, a new conviction, and a new dedication to old and established enterprises. Nevertheless, a few observations on the future programme of Adult Education in this country may be of value:

1. In spite of the efforts to unify Adult Education on a nation-wide basis, there is room for its co-ordination within smaller areas—the county, or the large city. This would enable definite pieces of work to be undertaken as and when the need is discerned. The advance of Adult Education depends upon the surmounting of all forms of sectional jealousy, which may somewhat have hindered the growth of a more vital movement in this country in the past.
2. The importance of fellowship as a factor in Adult Education needs constant stressing. The wider the scheme of study, the larger the place given to ultimate considerations, the more is the strain placed on the unity of the group. The greater the emphasis placed on fellowship among the members, the easier it is to maintain that unity. Fellowship becomes not merely a useful educational cement holding the group together, but the foundation for the creation of an education which meets man's deepest needs. Free discussion together with a close fellowship among the members of the group leads on, especially where there is a recognized religious basis, to a sharing of experiences among the members. This form of Adult Education—with wise leadership—can have an intensely unifying effect: it is the kind of work that transforms character.
3. Greater use could be made of Residential Schools, which would cater for adults with a few days of leisure time and for those who could spare much longer periods. In a residential group there are greater possibilities for hard study, while local history, nature study, *etc.*, can be easily fitted into the scheme of work.
4. Experiments could be made in the organization of Educational Retreats, where it might be possible to combine Adult Education, in the more usual sense of the term, with the discipline of quietness and

meditation, with a resultant increased sense of unity of spiritual purpose and spiritual repose. In such guided meditations might be born that inner revolution of life which is fundamental to the creation of a better world.

5. The Adult Educational movement owes much to inspired leaders like Grundtvig, Sturge, and Mansbridge, but the attempt to produce such leaders by special methods of instruction is one which would meet with considerable opposition, there being a mistrust of the self-conscious trained leader, springing in part from recent events in Europe. But the training of members for the work they are doing, or may be doing in the future, can be another matter. Adult Education in this country has lost much through the inefficiency of secretaries, treasurers, etc. In the future the adult educational enterprise should not allow itself to be handicapped by such limitations. It must make certain that its routine work is well done; that officials function properly, and that committees are run in an efficient manner. Such training work should be undertaken by adult educational societies as a contribution to the life of the community as well as a reform necessary for the proper functioning of their own organizations.

One may sum up by saying that a great transformation in the lives of our people can come through Adult Education, but programmes, methods, and organizations are all subordinate in importance to the personal conviction and devotion evoked in such a high quest, and this personal factor is ultimately related to a man's or a woman's idea of relationship to the Universe of spiritual purpose.

ERNEST CHAMPNESS.

A JOINT COLLEGE AT WORK.

In recent years there have several times appeared in the pages of the *Quarterly* exhortations to reconsider the position of our theological colleges, and recommendations that some of them should be united. One of the points raised has been that there might profitably be a union between colleges of different denominations working side by side in the same place. I am not here concerned with the arguments for or against such unions, but merely for the benefit of any who are interested in the question to say something of my own experience of such a college at work as I have seen it both as a student and, for a brief period, as a temporary member of the staff.

As doubtless many readers of the *Quarterly* already know, there has existed since 1929 a college in Edinburgh shared by Congregational students and those of the United Free Church of Scotland. Now the reason of its origin as a joint institution is just the opposite of that brought forward for a union of agencies in England. In England, we are told, there are too many colleges, with a consequent wastage of resources and personnel; in Scotland, after the union of the Church of Scotland with the United Free Church in 1929, there were not enough, as those congregations of the U.F. Church which chose to remain outside the union had no means of training their ministers. This meant that the most pressing problems south of the border, the disposal of buildings and staffs and re-allocation of endowments, simply did not exist; so that it was easy enough for the U.F. Church to accept the invitation of the Congregationalists to join with them in the already existing college. While recognizing this very important difference between the state of affairs in Scotland and in England, I feel it yet is

interesting to see how a united college might be expected to work in practice if the initial difficulties were once overcome.

It certainly is not my place to give in any detail the financial arrangements of the working of the Scottish Congregational College, and as these would differ greatly in various cases they are beside the point in this article. It will be sufficient to say in broad detail that the upkeep of the property and the running expenses are shared between the participating bodies on terms mutually agreed upon at the beginning; though they may be varied from time to time to suit alterations in circumstances. The staff is provided equally from the Congregationalists and Presbyterians. In the circumstances obtaining in 1929 that meant that the Principal, who was also Professor of Theology, and the Professor of Old Testament Literature were Congregationalists; and the Professors of New Testament Literature and Pastoral Theology, the latter of whom has since taken Ecclesiastical History also, were appointed by the U.F. Church. As the College was originally the Congregational College the appointment of the Principal rests with the Congregational Union of Scotland, but I think it is safe to say that no appointment would be made of anyone not *persona grata* to the Presbyterians. In practice this arrangement has worked out admirably; and as an old student let me hasten to add that its excellent working, particularly in the early and more difficult days, has in large measure been due to the personal qualities of the teaching staff on both sides. The co-operation of all members of the staff was excellent, and the sharing out of the work was undoubtedly an advantage both to staff and students.

On the side of the students the union worked no less well. All took the classes together, with the exception of certain special subjects peculiar to the separate bodies, such as Congregationalism and Presbyterian Principles, for which naturally there had to be a division between the two groups of students. In the matter of class prizes there had also to be a distinction owing to the terms on which these were given, but in fact these were practically duplicated and so no heartburnings were caused. The doubling in the size of the classes meant on the side of the men a greater incentive to work to uphold the honour of one's own denomination; and on the side of the staff the better atmosphere of a well-filled class-room. Although correction and examination work was increased, the increase was not so great as to be a burden. The doubling of the library also proved to be a great boon, many books found in one not being in the other; and additions could now be expected in a greater degree than formerly.

In the social life of the college all things were likewise in common. Common Room offices were shared according to gifts rather than ecclesiastical allegiance, though it was the custom in my time for the President of the Common Room to be elected each year from Congregationalists and Presbyterians alternately. Each body also had a separate Senior Student to attend to affairs particularly concerning his denomination, like matters of pulpit supply. The two sides of the house mixed well, and friendships easily broke denominational barriers. The men were taken as men, for what they were in themselves, not for their origin in one or other denomination. Neither side had any monopoly of cranks or of popular figures, and we were able either in the class-room or on the football field to work together as a united college.

It may be reassuring to some to know that so far as I am aware there has never in the past dozen years of co-operation in the college been a single case of "conversion" one way or the other. If anything, we were confirmed in our own faith and conviction by rubbing shoulders with representatives of another view of the Church. Any losses which either the

Congregationalists or U.F. Church have suffered have all been to other bodies, chiefly to the Church of Scotland, and there have not been many of these. Of any sort of proselytizing there was no sign; we might not agree with the other side in all things, but we were prepared to respect their convictions, and they were prepared to respect ours.

In worship we met on common ground, and the rota for taking prayers was made up without reference to denomination. On several occasions a combination of Congregationalists and Presbyterians conducted a campaign together with the sole concern of evangelism. The fact that one church or another might profit by our efforts did not enter our thoughts. We might differ in externals of organization or view of ministerial function, but in our belief in Jesus Christ and our calling to spread His Gospel we were at one. That in the end was what counted in the harmonious working together of all students.

My own experience of an inter-denominational college has thus been very happy. The two sides of the college worked very amicably together in teaching and in learning. Such disturbances of the peace as there were—and we should not have been human had there been none—were not due to denominational rivalry but to personal peculiarities. Such a mixing of diverse traditions had the very good effect of giving men a broader outlook on the Christian Church. We were perforce brought into close contact with people who had a very different view in many ways from ourselves, and yet we found in them a deep concern for the same things. After three years of such contact we attained a more sympathetic understanding of other ways of working, and a living realization that there were other religious bodies in the land no less concerned for the things of Christ, and no less zealous in seeking them, than ourselves. To this I can add many happy friendships which would have been impossible had our college not contained both Congregationalists and Presbyterians.

Whatever might be thought to be the case elsewhere, in the peculiar conditions of Scottish Church life in 1929 the uniting of the Scottish Congregational College with the College of the United Free Church of Scotland made for a greater efficiency in teaching and in learning than could have been attained by two colleges working separately. To this I think I may add that the men have gone forth to the work of the ministry better off spiritually because of the wider contacts they were able to make beyond the bounds of their own denomination.

A. MORTON PRICE.

Miss Elizabeth F. Howard has been for many years one of those Quakers who have done so much in Germany to help the persecuted and the oppressed. In *American Frontiers* (Friends' Service Council, 1s.) Miss Howard gives some account of this activity of Friends between the two Wars. She was in the Ruhr during the French occupation and in the Saar during the plebiscite, she heard Hitler speak in Frankfurt, and from time to time had charge of a Quaker Rest Home where sufferers from the régime were welcomed. Often she had to interview Gestapo and other officials on behalf of prisoners and their relatives, and on one occasion was arrested when leaving Germany and taken back to Berlin for interrogation. The narrative, with its many poignant accounts of human suffering, ends only on the eve of the war, and then with the assertion of the confident belief in "the true hidden soul of Germany" with which friendship will one day be possible.

ON LIFE AND BOOKS.

AFTERWARDS.

THE childish and uncontrolled satisfaction with which some Christians welcome—and some preachers cite *ad nauseam*—a statement by a scientist at all sympathetic to the Christian faith is far from being a strong recommendation of that faith. A few years ago Sir Arthur Eddington and Sir James Jeans must have been greatly embarrassed by their pulpit popularity. And when the *obiter dicta* of novelists, maybe sincerely confessing their convictions, but often loftily patronizing religion or damning it with faint praise, are quoted as if they were messages from the mount, it immediately suggests the shallowness of the soil in which the belief of some Christians is rooted. To seize on a rope of kind words thrown out by dramatist or journalist as if it would suffice to draw to the shore the ark of faith, sore beset by the tempests of the times, is a pathetic revelation of penury. Indeed, the fawning on persons, eminent in some field of knowledge, for their commendation of Christianity is almost as disgraceful as toadying to the squire or to the employer in the back pew; it cheapens religion, gives the impression of near-bankruptcy, and brings a sardonic smile to the face of the cynic and delight to the heart of the scoffer.

Nevertheless, when that is said, I cannot quite believe that Miss Dorothy Sayers—for obviously no other can be meant—deserves the hard words of the learned editor of *Crockford*, who in the Preface to the current (1941) edition, suggests that any new scheme of education should include

a system of elementary classes for budding novelists, so that if in later life they feel impelled to ventilate their opinions on Christian theology, philosophy, and ethics, they should at least have some notion what they are talking about.

It is not with Miss Dorothy Sayers, even though she does modestly compare her own work with that of the Creator of the universe, that I am here concerned, but with that vigorous and virile Ulsterman, Mr. St. John Ervine. Mr. Ervine, who confesses, we believe, some indebtedness to his lamented and widely loved countryman, James Cregan, has much of Cregan's fire, while his contributions to literature and drama have revealed a personality like Cregan's, attractive and versatile. Those who have been in the habit of reading his weekly articles on modern drama may often have been reminded of Cregan lecturing, with sweat pouring down his face and his collar a limp rag. Fast and furious have poured forth Mr. Ervine's sentences, until at last when for sheer exhaustion of space he has dropped his whirling pen not a trace has been left of the poor battered blighter who, maybe innocently, had trespassed on the violent prejudices which so endear the critic to his fans.

Mr. Ervine has done creative work of first-rate quality in many fields; he has written successful plays and readable novels, as well as sound literary and dramatic criticism and an admirable biography of the first General of the Salvation Army. I do not think, however, that any work of his will cause more discussion than his recently published novel, *Sophia* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.). I call it a novel, though some readers may quarrel with this description. They will be wrong, for the book carries one along, and some of its characters, notably Sue, Ann, and Considine, are very much alive, especially the two that are dead. This sounds cryptic, but the

explanation will not long be withheld. The fact that at first we wrote a short notice of the book, prefixing an asterisk to its title and thus recommending it for ministerial reading, is proof that we considered the volume out of the ordinary, for rarely do we asterisk a book so classified. Whatever the classification, *Sophia* is intensely interesting, though most of the characters, including even the ineffective cleric Godfrey at times when Mr. Ervine forgets, expound the author's views. If Mr. Ervine is talking most of the time, he has always something lively to say; especially when speaking through Sophia's father, Considine, a cultured and tolerant clergyman, he lets himself go in a manner which probably relieved himself as much as it will provoke readers.

Mr. Ervine has discovered an unusual technique. Sophia dies from a cancer she has bravely concealed, and we learn of her first experiences of the life after death—of her relations with those left behind and with new acquaintances. We have thus in novel form a fertile treatment of the problem of immortality.

First, however, let us hear Mr. Ervine on other topics. In reply to his daughter's remark that he makes Jesus seem real, Considine, who feeds his soul on Browning, replies (won't someone tell Mr. Ervine about "should" and "would"?):

If you and I had been alive in the year 30, wouldn't we have thought that Jesus was a bit of a bounder? Think of the things he said about eminent and decent people. Scurrilous abuse! He went about with dreadful people—prostitutes and outcasts! And then his behaviour in sacred edifices, as we like to call them when we feel pompous. That row in the Temple—what should we think, you and I, if we were to read in *The Times* that an obscure evangelist from a village in Wales had rushed into St. Paul's Cathedral and raised a frightful shindy, throwing things about and calling the Dean and Chapter offensive names? I confess my first instinct would be to send for the police. I'm sure I should condemn him. How do I know that if Jesus were to walk into this village at this moment I would not seem to him no better than the Scribes and Pharisees? I don't think I'm a bad man, though I may be a stupid one, but I'm sure I'm no better, if no worse than most of the people Jesus denounced. You see, the tragedy of all this turmoil we call life is not that bad men resist good, but that good men resist it. I like people with nice manners, but I'm bound to admit that men with bad manners have done more to make this world better than all the charming and well-bred people that have ever existed.

How true that is—and how frequently forgotten!

After death Sophia sees even more clearly than she had come to see in life that her husband Godfrey was a *poseur* and a slacker, and is constrained to ask herself:

How many priests and ministers were there in the world? Hundreds of thousands, no doubt. Were they wanted? Godfrey complained of the miserable stipend he received, but was he worth any stipend? Were any clergymen, even when they worked hard, worth their keep? Would it not be better for mankind to scrap the clergy, contenting themselves as the Quakers did, with their own impulse to worship? What business man would pay Godfrey the salary he received as Rector of Great Torping? Yet he was considered good enough for the service of the Almighty. Was not that the trouble in our time, that men who were not good enough for any other service were considered good enough for God's?

It would be well for the Church if all called to the ministry would face these searching questions.

Let me give four more examples of Mr. Ervine's keen mind at work on topics collateral to his main theme:

Was he not a proof that reach-me-down moralities were wrong, that it is just as absurd to suppose that the same moral code will fit every nature as it would be to think that the same sort of hat will fit every man or woman? Are there men who, morally as well as physically, are fat men, lean men, average-sized men? Would it not be better to recognise these varieties of girth and stature in morals as plainly as we recognise them in physique? Is the man who wants one woman for the whole of his life really a more moral man than his neighbour who wants two or three or half a dozen women? He seems to be, but only because he toes the moral line of his country. The promiscuous man has to behave as if he were immoral by concealing his affairs with women, and acting as if he agreed with the prevailing belief that it is wrong to possess more than one wife. What was it Walter Thorne had said? Oh, yes! "The chief occupation of moralists is the manufacture of vices!" But a thing isn't wrong because we *say* it is wrong, even if calling it wrong is convenient to us.

You are prejudiced in favour of experts and officials, but I am prejudiced in favour of cranks and heretics and original fools. All the blunders are made by the experts. It is the bureaucrats who sterilise life. They don't like alteration. *They like what they call continuity, only they don't want it continued, they want it stopped.*

The italics are mine; I know at least a thousand people to whom I should like to send these words by telegram.

Gilbert and Sullivan were as opposite in type as any men could be. They detested each other. Gilbert was intensely masculine: Sullivan was effeminate, a pansy. They quarrelled interminably. They hadn't anything, apparently, in common. Gilbert despised Sullivan, and Sullivan despised Gilbert. They intrigued against each other. For years they did not speak. They met for the last time on a first night, neither acknowledging the existence or presence of the other. They were at enmity when Sullivan died. Yet no other men in the history of light opera have collaborated so successfully as these two incompatibles. Together, they were brilliant and prolific and successful. Apart, they were failures and almost sterile.

But the tragedy of Jesus was his appeal to the lowest minds of his community when he should have appealed to the highest. God betrayed himself when he preferred the peasant to the scholar. There has been betrayal ever since. The Church betrayed its Christ when it opened the gates of its citadel to the heathen and allowed the heathen to bring their rites with them. Every convert should have been stripped to the skin of his soul. His spiritual junk should have been burnt outside the citadel. Abandon error all ye who enter here. Ye shall bring nothing into this world, but ye shall take everything out of it. That was what the Church should have said. But that is not what it did say. It accepted the counsel of the cunning and the worldly-wise. It said, let us make the heathen feel at home in the Church by presenting our belief in their words, by performing our rites in their ceremonials, by adapting our doctrines to theirs. And the heathen, perceiving little difference between Christianity and their old superstition, came into the Church and took their ease; and in a little

while there was no difference. They did not even retain rites that were worth retaining, but kept rubbishy ones, rag-and-bone beliefs, stupid magic-lantern things that weren't worth retaining.

Here, again, we cannot but think Mr. Ervine's spokesman is right. How much there is still in the creeds, worship, and ceremonial of the Christian Churches which, taken over from paganism and from other religions, is a stumbling-block to many an earnest seeker. And there are still to be found those who contend for it as it were the faith itself.

But it is with "afterwards", the life after death, that the book is mainly concerned. Sophia, when she leaves the body, is, like other souls just released, a wanderer between two worlds—*forlorn, homeless, unhappy*. At times she can with difficulty make her presence felt to her beloved daughter Ann, and once even to her husband. When we leave her her father's voice, which had been faint, is becoming stronger, calling her on to a world beyond on the way to yet other worlds; he is not yet fit to see God, but he knows where He is. Sophia is conscious that she herself is gradually getting a God's-eye view of life instead of that of a middle-class English woman.

Many and varied are the thoughts which arise in the mind of the reader as he rapidly peruses these pages. As the War drags on, there is certain to be not only increased interest in the subject of immortality, but a recrudescence of the baser forms of spiritualism. How credulous thousands of people are is revealed by the craze for astrology, a column on "What the Stars Foretell" now being a regular feature of many newspapers. To me the craving for knowledge of the life beyond always seems the reverse of healthy. I am well aware that some Christians consider that a yearning for survival and for assurance of personal immortality is integral to the Christian faith. I can only say that for myself it would betray absence of faith, a lack of confidence in God, the Loving Father.

I believe that the case for immortality can be established, though this is not the place to state it. One argument in itself would be conclusive for me: if one believes that God is just, there must be an "afterwards", an existence in which all can have the fair deal they do not receive on earth. So many babes are born without a chance, so many people lack the advantages of beauty and brains, face and figure, happy home life and congenial work, which are the lot of others, that a just God must see they have their rights. "It isn't fair", says the little child, almost as soon as it can say anything at all; this innate sense of justice in itself demands an after life. The tortured in Gestapo-ridden lands, the young whose lives plunge to a sudden, gallant end, the millions of Chinese children whom famine and flood deprive first of life's necessities and then of life itself—all must reach their fulfilment: the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ does not sport with lives thus nor waste anything He has made.

It is because I believe in such a God that I neither crave immortality for myself nor yearn after assurance of immortality for those whom I love. If we believe in a God of Love revealed by Jesus, all can be left to Him, with the knowledge that He doeth all things well. It is not for me to ask "with what manner of body do they come?" or to pry with eager, unhealthy inquisitiveness into the nature of life beyond the grave. There is enough to do here, striving to make this world into the world God meant it to be, forgetting one's self and one's future in the service of men, but humbly hoping that sooner or later, here or there, one may be fit—we dare not say to see God face to face, but to be filled with His spirit, and to know what is meant by "Christ in you the hope of glory".

ALBERT PEEL.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."—FRANCIS BACON.

"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."—JOHN MILTON.
(The place of publication is London unless otherwise stated.)

Church and State in Fascist Italy. By D. A. BINCHY. Oxford Press.
31s. 6d.

This volume, written for the Royal Institute of International Affairs, is a very fine achievement; its 750 pages are as readable as they are indispensable to all who would know about the relations between the Papacy and the Fascist rulers of Italy. The narrative carries one swiftly along, and the exposition is sound (*e.g.*, "the Christian religion is at once personal, universal, and autonomous"). It is in criticism that it is weakest, for Prof. Binchy does not write as an objective historian: he has strong opinions, and the "bite" they give to his pages enables the reader to share the pleasure he clearly had in writing them. The bias is so obvious that it can be allowed for, and it is well that we see it at the beginning in the charge audaciously brought against Dr. G. M. Trevelyan of carelessly using unreliable authorities. This prepares us for the contemptuous, ironical chapter on religious minorities (their main offence is that they are "financed by foreigners", after we have heard much of the world-wide contributions of Peter's Pence!), for the constant "benefit of the doubt" for the Roman Church, and for the conclusion, the more astounding after all that has gone before:

The Papacy has on the whole succeeded in convincing most impartial observers that it remains completely free from the influence of the Italian Fascist State.

The volume opens with an admirable outline of the Roman Question and the years of *Dissidio*, and with character sketches of Pius XI and Benito and Arnaldo Mussolini. There follows an account of the Reconciliation between Vatican and Quirinal in 1929, an exposition of the Treaty and Concordat, and a description of subsequent relationships to the death of Pius XI in 1939. The Roman Question, Prof. Binchy does well to insist, arises from the facts of history and geography; at the end he discusses the possibility of the removal of the Holy See from Rome (his emphasis on *ubi Petrus ibi ecclesia* will strike Protestants as pathetic—and arrogant). Here Prof. Binchy ventures on this prophecy:

The ordinary Italian is not disposed to compromise in matters of religious faith: he may be a Catholic, or he may be an atheist, but he will never be a Protestant.

How Treaty and Concordat have survived lively episodes, with bitter re-creminations between Pope and Duce, is described in pages which underline the peculiar constitution of the Italian, capable of sudden twists—almost reversals—of policy, and of practice which is entirely contrary to theory.

Prof. Binchy claims that it is a caricature to say that the Church is bound hand and foot to Fascism, though he fully admits that the Vatican's position has been compromised by the bellicose speeches of many prelates,

with their adulation of the Duce and their "war-mongering of the basest kind". His high opinion of Pius XI does not prevent criticism of the Pope's "most unhappy" handling of the Abyssinian affair, especially his use of the unfortunate phrase "the triumphant joy of an entire great and good people". Though he claims that in the last three years of his life the Pope lived down this phrase, Prof. Binchy does not seem to sense the reaction of non-Catholics—and not non-Catholics alone—to it: "Well, there we have the Pope's real opinion, which he's generally concealed". There is thus the same suspicion as there is of the old appeasers in the British Government. Prof. Binchy holds it was natural that the Vatican should hasten to recognize the King of Italy's new Imperial title: we have seen no sign of even delayed action to recognize Haile Selassie's recovered position.

There is a fruitful discussion of the prospects of the internationalization of the Curia and cognate topics. Here too Prof. Binchy shows himself a shrewd observer. Indeed, few people will read the book without learning much, and without admiring the author's gifts, which include a pretty wit: we can imagine the glee with which he seized on the description of the *News of the World* as *un grave giornale londinese*. As they learn and admire, they may be impressed in different ways.

Some will be most struck by the similarity of the problems which face the Church in all lands—religious education, civil marriages, to quote two examples. Others will wonder whether any Church can be assured of a future unless it forsakes the position thus described:

Yet the Papacy has never taken upon itself the responsibility of denouncing any particular war as unjust, because this would involve passing judgement on causes and events of mainly secular significance. Others will be more concerned with a future they deem assured, but about which they ask many questions: will the Pope always be an Italian, will he always live in Rome, will American Catholics always be content with the present position? All, however, will probably agree—and it has its application to every land and faith—that in the Fascist dragooning of youth is the most subtle, and therefore the most serious, menace to the future of Catholicism in Italy.

EDITOR.

Tudor Cornwall. By A. L. ROWSE. Cape. 18s.

Would that every county could have its history dealt with period by period by one with intimate knowledge such as Mr. A. L. Rowse has of Cornwall. Not that this volume is perfect—far from it. There are sentences which read like unassimilated notes ("Impossible to give a complete and detailed account of Cornish trade") and others which show inadequate revision ("with some gaps for a hundred years"). More important is the lack of objectivity: we have not counted the number of times the word "idiot" appears, but it is a good many—and it is a word the scientific historian might well delete from his vocabulary; so is silly—"silly priests", "silly Grindal". That it is Puritanism and Nonconformity which arouses Mr. Rowse's ire is beside the point: the objection would remain were his *bête noire* the Roman Church or the Church of England, Socialism or *laissez-faire*.

Nonconformists are "disagreeable fanatics", and we have this unhappy summary:

We see Puritanism, the Civil War looming before us, the Wesleyanism of the 18th century, the Nonconformity of the 19th, that dank cloud upon the life of modern Cornwall.

These objections out of the way, it remains to say that Mr. Rowse has given us a readable and useful study, lit up by his close acquaintance with the locality, and a multitude of illustrations from the life of the times. The chapters on the *Valor Ecclesiasticus*, and on the monasteries and their suppression, are perhaps the best in the book; Mr. Rowse does well to emphasize the union of the doctrinal and economic elements in the English Reformation. On the rise of the gentry, partly resulting from the re-distribution of monastic property, he has much that is pertinent to say. We hesitate, however, to accept his valuation of money; he suggests the multiplication of Tudor values by 20 (in one case it works out at 26) to get modern values. We should have thought 15 nearer the mark, but perhaps Mr. Rowse is right if he has 1941 in mind rather than 1938 or 1914.

EDITOR.

The Throne of David. By A. G. HEBERT. Faber. 12s. 6d.

This unusual book calls for sympathetic study by all those who believe in the unity of the Bible and desire to see this more fully recognized. The primary interest of the writer is in the *O.T.* anticipations of the truth concerning Jesus Christ:

the meaning of the Old Testament is found in the New . . . the theology of the Church is but the systematic formulation of the Hebrew conceptions of the Messianic Hope, as it has been fulfilled in history by the Messiah Jesus.

The writer frankly accepts critical work on the *O.T.* documents, but urges the need for a more theological treatment of the results. In particular, he puts in a discriminating plea for "mystical interpretation", so that his work may be regarded as belonging in part to the tradition of a symbolic and typological exegesis.

The redemptive Reality of God and His election of Israel are shown to have issued in the Messianic Hope, taken in its widest sense. The claim that Israel had a universal mission is based on the presentation of Jerusalem as the attractive centre of future unity. The truth in the Jewish Law and sacrificial system lacked the power to achieve its object. At this point, a somewhat peculiar but interesting "interlude" quotes a passage from Ephrem Syrus, in connection with the reproduction of a Russian *ikon* (given as frontispiece), which portrays the entry into Jerusalem.

This marks the transition to the *N.T.* discussions of the (transformed) Davidic King, Lord of that Sabbath which is a ritual anticipation of the Messianic Age. Points already raised in the *O.T.* teaching about man and his salvation are here taken up, as presented in the teaching of Jesus. The Messianic, rather than the prophetic, aspects of these are strongly emphasized. The Eucharist is interpreted (along the general lines of the Epistle to the Hebrews) as both earthly and heavenly. The Messiah in His Kingdom now becomes the spiritual centre of mankind.

The book is interesting to read, and its fine Christian spirit is apparent throughout. Its general aim is one of great importance. We do greatly need a more constructive interpretation of the theology of the *O.T.*, on a critical basis, yet so as to correlate it more closely with Christian truth, both in the *N.T.* and in subsequent developments. Many readers, especially those sympathetic with symbolism, will find the book helpful and spiritually stimulating. But for others the underlying appeal to symbolism, even when not protruded, introduces an element of unreality. Symbolism, as indeed the author recognizes, is a many-edged tool, and dangerous to handle in exegesis. There is more solid foundation for the unity of the Bible in the "realism" which traces spiritual continuity

along dynamic, rather than on static, lines. This contrast of dynamic and static may be seen especially in regard to the world-mission. The anticipated movement *to* Jerusalem as an attracting centre, so often prophesied in the *O.T.*, is not the same as the historical movement *from* Jerusalem, which characterizes the active evangelism of the *N.T.*—continuous rather with the Songs of the Servant than with the Messianic Hope (the place of which in Israel's religion is over-emphasized in this book). The apostles and evangelists go out from Jerusalem to all the world, and thus historically fulfil the imperfect hopes of Israel. This dynamic movement is far more characteristic of the Church of the *N.T.* than any consciousness of the Messiah as a statically attractive centre, to which the nations of the world would come. "How shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach except they be sent?" There is danger, the danger of all institutionalism, in the over-emphasis on the static. The history of the Christian centuries is more rightly regarded as a dynamic movement of the Holy Spirit than as a pattern around a static centre, even though that centre be the New Jerusalem come down from heaven. Historical exegesis of the Bible can bring out this urge at earlier stages, and can justify us in regarding all Christian history as the continuation and further fulfilment of Scripture—not by a repetition of pattern, but by a continuity of movement. The *N.T.* must be carried forwards, as well as backwards, and the unity of the Bible is then seen to be part of the unity of the Holy Spirit in all history.

H. WHEELER ROBINSON.

A Plain Man's Life of Christ. By A. D. MARTIN. Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.

All who remember A. D. Martin's gracious personality and fruitful ministry in Southampton, Edinburgh, and Buxton and his *Aspects of the Way* and other writings, will be glad of this posthumous work, the fruit of his later years when, as he himself puts it, he had reached the Delectable Mountains.

Dr. Vincent Taylor in a contemporary article on "Is it possible to write a life of Christ?" remarks that no one is sufficient for these things, yet as Jacob received strength from wrestling with the angel, "with courage, faith, knowledge and insight the succession of failures will less deserve the name; each will point the way for a better". The book before us bears out this dictum; it has a real contribution to make to "this audacious and desperate enterprise". Its concluding chapter, "Who was He?" contains an attractive and, as far as I know, a novel suggestion—the evolution of *Homo Sanctus*.

The book is beautifully printed (I wish Martin had lived to see it), and my only complaint is in regard to the index, where many surnames are left without their Christian initials—"Abrahams" is cheek by jowl with "Amos", and "Malachi" with "Manson".

ALEX. J. GRIEVE.

The Apocalypse. By A. L. MAYCOCK. Dacre Press. 5s.

The writer of the book disclaims any competence for critical scholarship, and rightly so since he assumes that the John of *Revelation* is the "John" of the Fourth Gospel and that these two books stand in much the same relation to each other as *Acts* and *Luke*. He does not reveal any acquaintance with apocalyptic literature in general, and is more at home in the company of Richard of Saint Victor and Isaac Williams than in that of R. H. Charles. His method of exposition is symbolic. A few samples will suffice:

Many of the feminine characters in Scripture are to be understood as types of the Christian Church. Whenever the Bible speaks of the nature of woman and of marriage and of the bearing of children some spiritual meaning of this kind is usually to be discerned.

Numbers are to be treated as symbols and 7 is the sacred number of Scripture signifying completeness, and hence, the mystery of redemption. Especially it symbolises the Catholic Church; for it is made up of 3, the number of divinity (as of the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity), and 4 which signifies mankind or creation in general (as of the four elements—the four winds . . . and the four rivers by which in the Genesis narrative, the whole world is watered).

The two witnesses of Ch. XI display "the nature of the Christian vocation here below". "By two and two the apostles were sent forth, two were sent to fetch the ass . . . two to make ready the passover . . .".

In spite of the author's good intentions and toil I am afraid he has only succeeded in drawing a new veil over this "revelation".

ALEX. J. GRIEVE.

Forgiveness and Reconciliation. A Study in New Testament Theology.

By VINCENT TAYLOR, Ph.D., D.D. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

Principal Taylor's new book is the third of a trilogy, of which the first and the second parts are *Jesus and His Sacrifice* (1937) and *The Atonement in New Testament Theology* (1940). The underlying purpose of the whole series is to combat wrong tendencies in modern theology by a return to the New Testament. *Jesus and His Sacrifice* dealt with our Lord's own conception of His atoning work; *The Atonement in New Testament Theology* treated of the Apostolic doctrines of the subject; *Forgiveness and Reconciliation* rounds off the whole by discussing the consequences of the Atonement in the Christian life. Here Dr. Taylor has two things in view: his primary purpose is a clearer distinction of the phases of Christian experience, but his ultimate aim is to use this analysis to throw back light on the Atonement. The doctrine of the Atonement must correspond to the New Testament description of the Christian life: consequently, the analysis of experience in *Forgiveness and Reconciliation* can be applied to test and confirm the theory of the Atonement developed in *Jesus and His Sacrifice* and *The Atonement in New Testament Theology*.

That theory was essentially a doctrine of our Lord's identification with humanity. It is recognized that the basis of the doctrine of the Atonement is the revelation of God's love in the life and death of Christ, but this is only the foundation, not the whole doctrine. To complete the doctrine it is necessary to add that Christ makes our reconciliation to God possible by confessing sin on our behalf, and in perfect penitence acknowledging the justice of the Divine reaction to it.

Confirmation of this theory is found from the stress put in the New Testament on the removal of the obstacle presented by sin to the restoration of fellowship with God, and in the emphasis laid on the ethical character of the Christian life. Dr. Taylor disallows the identification of forgiveness, justification, and reconciliation introduced into modern theology by Ritschl. In the New Testament forgiveness is limited to the remission of sins, and does not include restoration to fellowship with God. The remission of sins means the removal of the obstacle to fellowship, not the establishment of fellowship itself. Similarly, it is a mistake to regard justification as restoration to fellowship: it is the bestowal of the status which makes fellowship possible. Reconciliation is the act of restoration to fellowship, but is only the beginning of a Christian life which proceeds through sanctification

to perfection. Dr. Taylor accuses modern theology of neglecting sanctification and of altogether ignoring Christian perfection.

When justification is said to be by faith, this does not mean that it is a fiction: it is the recognition of a real righteousness which is ours through faith's identification of us with Christ Himself, so that we participate in His righteousness before God. St. Paul's doctrine of imputed righteousness is to be regarded as an excrescence upon his theology: it does not belong to its essence.

Dr. Taylor has taken immense pains with his research into the New Testament usage of all the theological terms above mentioned. Besides presenting his own exegetical views, he records the opinions of other modern exegetes in such fullness as makes his book a most valuable survey of the whole field covered. But what are we to say of the total result of the exegesis as an analysis of the Christian life and as a contribution to our understanding of the Atonement? Dr. Taylor rightly says that in the past great advances in Christian theology have been associated with a deeper study of the New Testament, and he contends accordingly that it is from this source that theological progress is to be expected today. This contention is not to be denied, but it does not follow that exegesis and theology are as directly connected as Dr. Taylor opines. We have to go behind the words of the New Testament to the psychology of the experience described, before we can get far on the road to the theological use of the experience. The danger of relying too much on pure exegesis, however careful and exact, is that of a new scholasticism which shapes facts to words rather than words to facts. Dr. Taylor's method presupposes a theological precision in the New Testament which simply does not exist. Besides, he himself abandons his own method in his dealing with St. Paul's doctrine of imputed righteousness: why then should it be regarded as sacrosanct elsewhere?

As a matter of fact, Ritschl's identification of forgiveness, justification, and reconciliation marked a great theological advance. A forgiveness that is no more than the remission of sins and not restoration to fellowship is too reminiscent of the saying, "I will forgive but I cannot forget". And what could be truer to experience than to interpret reconciliation as forgiveness or justification *become effective*? Restoration to fellowship with God is one experience in which indeed different aspects may be distinguished, but not different parts independent of each other.

Finally, if Ritschl's interpretation of Christian experience is right, a light will be cast back on the Atonement very different from that in which Dr. Taylor sees it. There will be no room for the removal of an obstacle presented by sin, which is temporarily or even logically *prior* to restoration to fellowship with God: the removal of the obstacle and restoration to fellowship will be one and the same thing. Instead, therefore, of saying that Christ's sacrifice is the offering of a perfect penitence as a preliminary to our reconciliation by His revelation of the Divine Love, we shall say that by the sacrifice of a perfect obedience He presented to God the means of fully revealing His forgiving love to sinners, and so of restoring them to fellowship with Him and to the pursuit of holiness.

ROBERT S. FRANKS.

SHORTER NOTICES & DESCRIPTIVE LIST

(Books marked * are recommended for ministerial reading).

Still another tribute to the Bible's perennial helpfulness is to be found in *A Shorter Version of the Moffatt Translation* (Hodder, 2s. 6d.). The arrangement is as follows: The Beginning of History; Forging a Nation—

(1) A Wandering Tribe, (2) Israel Settles in Canaan; A Nation under Discipline; The Mystery of Suffering; The Hymnal of Israel; A Treasury of Wisdom; The Inspired Teachers of Israel; The Desire of All Nations; The World-wide Gospel; The Gospel Interpreted; The End of History. The whole makes a volume of 350 pages, which will go into a large pocket.

We recommend all ministers to keep on their shelves a copy of the Rev. Cullen Young's *The Genesis Mosaic* (Relig. Educ. Press, 1s. 6d.) to lend to all those who ask questions about the early Chapters of *Genesis* and the creation of the world. The title suggests Mr. Young's attitude, but it does not suggest the apt illustrations, drawn by Mr. Young from his missionary experience, which make this a vital little book.

All who know the work done in Japan through newspaper evangelism by the Rev. W. H. Murray Walton will be predisposed to appreciate **Everybody's Prayer* (Lutterworth Press, 3s. 6d.). Expositions of the Lord's Prayer are legion: one of the best we know is C. F. Aked's; this new one is fresh and illuminating and lit up by the writer's missionary experience.

It is often the case that a book from a *milieu* and in a language other than our own proves more stimulating and helpful than one from our neighbour. A case in point is Miss Margaret T. Monro's **Seeking for Trouble* (Longmans, 5s.), which is sub-titled "Saints for Christian Civilization". Often Miss Monro's verdicts seem outrageous, and we have to say, "Not so do we read history", as when, *e.g.*, we are told that the "tactics of heretics is always to confuse the issues, while the orthodox try to clear them", or that "The Early Fathers had been unflinchingly faithful to the Incarnation, Sacraments, and bodily resurrection because these are revealed by God", or that "no spiritual choice can be made operative unless incarnated in an institution". After a pregnant Introduction on "The Social Values of Asceticism", Miss Monro outlines the various "troubles", illustrating from the lives of saints, as follows: Virginity (Agnes, Syncletica), Martyrdom (Ignatius, Polycarp), Poverty (Antony), Penitence (Simeon Stylites), Institutions (Benedict), Christian Civilization (Aquinas). The book is extremely well written, and a dictum, which would do well for an essay for a candidate for Honours in Church History, may further indicate its mettle:

All intelligent persecution has realized that, if Christianity is to be exterminated, it must be rooted up as an organization. For this reason, the brunt of the onslaught has always fallen upon the key-figure of the Christian society, the bishop.

Why the jacket should speak of a novel about the life of Jesus as "the only one of its kind yet published" we do not know, for such novels have not been infrequent in recent years. Toyohiko Kagawa's *The Two Kingdoms* (Lutterworth Press, 8s. 6d.) needs no such claim to uniqueness to commend it; it is a vivid, intense re-telling of the Gospel story which holds from the first page unto the last; never has the scourging of Jesus appeared so real to one reader. The translation reads well, though we doubt whether Kagawa wrote anything so anachronistic as "As a piece of ideological doctrine it was all right Judas considered".

Free Churchmen are not often interested in liturgiology, but they could all read the Rev. G. W. O. Addleshaw's *The High Church Tradition* (Faber, 7s. 6d.) with advantage. Although this study of the liturgical thought of the 17th century breaks little new ground, and although some sentences ("Psalms have ever been regarded as peculiarly the voice of Christ

in His Church") will seem unintelligible and some opinions rouse ire ("the havoc caused by both the Renaissance and the Reformation"), it describes in a readable and informing way the High Church view of the liturgy. The liturgy is the prayer of the Church, and therefore must be uniformly celebrated. One of its properties is the proclamation of divine truth, and each prayer in its particular place has its own meaning. It is rooted in dogma, and before men can worship (for worship is not edification), men must be brought back to Christian truth. The Eucharistic sacrifice is the centre on which the whole liturgy converges, integrating dogma and life in one whole and giving life its true meaning. Such in outline is Mr. Addleshaw's argument, persuasively stated, though he has to perform some gymnastics in discussing the relation of Church and State. A well-produced book, with a misprint on p. 66.

In *The Theology of Politics* (Oxford Press, 7s. 6d.) there are signs, perhaps no bigger than a man's hand, that the author of *God's Freemen* is coming to himself; he can be assured of a welcome when he again reaches the father's house. The title of Dr. N. Micklem's new book is misleading; we confess that we thought its subject was political philosophy, and having looked at the index felt the author had performed the remarkable feat of writing on the relation of that subject to theology without mentioning Spinoza! But what Dr. Micklem is really concerned to show from a survey of the Europe of today is that

every political problem is at bottom theological, and no political doctrine has prevailing power unless it be allied to a religion or pseudo-religion of some sort.

With the substitution of the word "religious" for "theological", which is what is really meant, we should cordially agree, and in these chapters, evidently written at different times, Dr. Micklem proves his case. Some of the essays are a rich anthology of quotations knit by incisive and at times entertaining commentary. The chapter on "Pacifism, An Ethical Dilemma" is extremely good, and should be widely studied in theological colleges. An ugly "their is no habeas corpus" on p. 27 needs attention.

We wonder whether Dr. John Dewey will welcome *Education Today* (Allen & Unwin, 5s.), which reprints papers written between 1897 and 1908. They are: "My Pedagogic Creed", "The Primary-Education Fetish"; "The People and the Schools", "The Place of Manual Training in the Elementary Course of Study", "Democracy in Education", and "Religion and Our Schools", the last of which could be read with advantage today. The message of the book is contained in these words:

Politically we have found that this country could not endure half free and half slave. We shall find equally great difficulty in encouraging freedom, independence, and initiative in every sphere of social life, while perpetuating in the school dependence upon external authority. The forces of social life are already encroaching upon the school institutions which we have inherited from the past, so that many of its mainstays are crumbling. Unless the outcome is to be chaotic, we must take hold of the organic, positive principle involved in democracy, and put that in entire possession of the spirit and work of the school.

Despite all the difficulties of war-time the Religious Education Press (Manor Road, Wallington, Surrey) is worthily maintaining its activities: The *Concise Guides* for 1942 again make their appearance (Beginners, 3s. 6d.; Primary, Junior, Intermediate, and Senior, 4s. 6d. each), and then there are the papers for children—Beginners, Primary, and Junior (4d. per quarter).

Ever since, a quarter of a century ago, we read the brilliant, if perverse, Verrall, our interest in Euripides has been easy to re-awake. Mr. G. M. A. Grube is anti-Verrall, but his *The Drama of Euripides* (Methuen, 22s. 6d.) is an admirable introduction. He sees the dramatist as a ruthless realist and an acute (and the first) psychologist: "upon humanity his eyes were fixed. . . . His sight was clear and his glance unafraid". Euripides never intended to send his audiences away happy and contented; he made them think and wonder—about the gods as about everything else: the chapter "The Gods" is one of the best in the book. Mr. Grube defends Euripides from the charge of irrelevance, and shows himself to be a discerning critic; the summaries and analyses of the plays are extremely well done. There seems to be a slip on p. 312.

For the best of reasons we can sympathize with Dr. James Mackinnon, who for many years has had to lay aside specific lines of research in consequence of other duties. While we are grateful for all that Dr. Mackinnon has written on the Reformation period, we cannot but regret that Vol. IV of the *History of Modern Liberty* (Longmans, 16s.), promised for 1909, has not appeared until 1941. The volume, "The Struggle with the Stuarts", covers the years 1647 to 1689, a period on which a great deal of work has been done during the last thirty years, with all of which naturally Dr. Mackinnon has not been able to acquaint himself. While his lists of "Sources" do include some recent books, many are missing; thus no use is made of Abbott's *Writings and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, or of much work on the Diggers and Levellers, and no mention made of an indispensable book like the Rev. A. G. Matthews's *Calamy Revised* (and where is the reference to the Act of Uniformity on p. 242?). Thus, while the volume is marked by the fine qualities which have distinguished the writer's work, it is by no means so valuable as if it had been published in 1909, or written thirty years later. This criticism does not apply so much to the final chapters, on the Political Thought of the period.

It is perhaps the best compliment that we can pay to Mr. Humphrey House's *The Dickens World* (Oxford Press, 10s. 6d.) to say that it has made us feel we must read our Dickens again forthwith. Lovers of Dickens, historians, and social reformers will all find much to engage their attention in these papers. Mr. House acutely analyses some of the novels to show how Dickens places his youthful experiences in scenes dated almost a generation later. He makes a good point, too, in showing how Dickens's reticence about matters offensive, and the constant censorship he imposed upon himself, necessarily result in inaccurate impressions being conveyed; thus some of the evils against which he inveighed were never described in all their horror to those whom he wanted to move. This may be sufficient to suggest that Mr. House's book touches life—and letters—at many points. It is weakest in the chapter on "Religion", which gives the impression of one speaking at secondhand.

Into The Way of Peace (Clarke, 6s.) is far from an easy book to review. Edited by the Rev. Percy Hartill, its chapters are written by pacifist members of the Church of England, and they vary, in cogency and merit, as much as contributions to a composite volume usually do. There has been no attempt to bring the chapters into harmony, and the writers do not agree about the pacifist's duty in time of war. The Editor's contribution, "Philosophy of Christian Pacifism", is the best in the book, and Canon Raven's "Pacifism and Reunion" is worth reading. It is rather surprising at this hour of day to find Mr. Middleton Murry trotting out the old "rival imperialisms" talk, and we must enter a protest against the suggestion in

many of the articles that pacifists are the only Christians who believe in the message of the Cross.

It is good to find a young minister declaring his faith in the Congregational Church Meeting and asserting that "a resolute Church Meeting which knew its business in every town would be enough to save England in the critical days which will follow this war". Some will find this and other confident generalizations which mark the Rev. Daniel T. Jenkins's *Britain and the Future* (S.C.M., 2s.) unconvincing, and they may be amused at the naïve statement, "I am going to say something which will make me very unpopular", but these addresses are well fitted to serve their purpose—discussion in youth circles and similar groups.

Though vitiated somewhat by the writer's religious prejudices — the Roman Catholic Church is not merely "her" but "Her" — Dr. Irene Marinoff's *The Heresy of National Socialism* (Burns Oates, 4s. 6d. & 3s.) is one of the best expositions of modern Germany that we have met. The introductory chapter, "The Background", is very sound, but especially good is that on "National Socialist Education", where Miss Marinoff speaks of what she knows intimately: is it generally realized how completely German women are now shut off from higher education? The section on "The Church Conflict" covers more familiar ground, and frank acknowledgment is made of the part played by Christians of the Confessional Church in maintaining the Christian witness. Altogether a most useful account, which we trust will be widely read.

The jacket of Mr. Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night* (Heinemann, 15s.) describes it as "a ruthless autobiography", and today a reader called it the most horrible book he had ever read. Jan Valtin at an early age became a Communist. Soon he was engaged in underground work for the Communist Movement on the seafront in four continents. This book describes his activity as part of a machine which worked in every land. Finally he was captured by the Gestapo and suffered terrible tortures, securing release when he pretended to have been converted to Nazism. The account of his experiences in prison and in concentration camp and of his determination to keep his soul alive is very moving. Finally he escaped, though he lost both wife and child, not knowing whether his wife died in prison, or committed suicide, or was murdered, and still unaware of the fate of his little son. The book will be to most readers a revelation, not so much of the brutalities of both Communist and Fascist organizations, as of their vast range. Glaring from the book from cover to cover is the fact that every movement depends on the character of its devotees; few of the Communists and Nazis described in Mr. Valtin's pages seem to have been able to stand the test of power.

Mr. Peter Wallner's *By Order of the Gestapo* (Murray, 7s. 6d.), translated from the German, tells of eleven months in the Dachau and Buchenwald camps, with brutalities and horrors which ten years ago we thought it inconceivable that men should inflict or suffer. Mr. Wallner was suddenly arrested in Vienna; he never knew his crime, though his grandparents were Jews. He concludes that the system of the Gestapo is terror through uncertainty; outside the camps a man never knows whether he will be arrested; within the camps he never knows whether he will be shot, tortured, man-handled, or released. Mr. Wallner fought to maintain his humanity, and succeeded, though perhaps it is not without significance that in the chapter which tells of his release there is not a word about the fate of Rolf, his companion in adversity.

Everybody would rejoice if the people of the occupied countries in Europe could be fed, but we fear Mr. Roy Walker's ill-tempered *Famine in Europe* (Dakers, 5s.) will convince nobody of the practicality of any proposals yet made. Mr. Walker blames the Government, the B.B.C., and the press (including even the *Manchester Guardian*) for joining in a conspiracy to conceal the facts from the British people. If instead he could have shown how food could be transported and distributed without directly or indirectly assisting the Nazis and so prolonging the war, his book would have been of much greater service to the cause he has at heart.

We wish a copy of Mr. John Coatman's *India: The Road to Self-Government* (Allen & Unwin, 5s.) could be sent to every University and College Library in the United States, for often student bodies especially have only heard the Congress point of view. Mr. Coatman's survey from 1908 to 1941 shows the complicated nature of what seems an insoluble problem and the untiring efforts of British statesmen to solve it. That problem—to find "a basis of agreement for the creation of a national government and a national life"—still confronts the various communities, peoples, and interests of British and Indian India.

Dr. Norman Himes's *Happy Marriage* (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.) adds to the spate of recent books on this subject. It has the disadvantage of an uncertain target: apparently writing for a British audience, Dr. Himes suddenly introduces American phrases like "transportation costs". All conversant with the life of the two countries know that in regard to sexual ethics the situation is different. It is true, however, that the trend is the same, and some British ostriches ought to be made to face the evidence for the statement that

if the present trend towards pre-marital sex relations continues, within a few decades hardly anyone will enter marriage without sexual experience.

Dr. Himes handicaps himself by accepting at the beginning the common but absurd estimates of masturbation—"almost everybody", and all boys are "either masturbators or liars", and so on. The typical American method of statistics is here seen at work in amusing fashion; there are "happiness scores" by which those about to marry can estimate their chances, and those already married check their experience. If you don't attend church you get 0 marks, if you attend more than once a month you get 40, two or three times a month 20, but only 15 if you go 4 or more times. And why a minister and a farmer get 20 marks and a doctor or lawyer only 5 remains a mystery. Dr. Himes pads his book with chapters on house-buying, budgets, and the like, but in the main his chapters are on methods of conception control and of coitus, about which he and others have written so much during the last decade. P. 246 has a misprint.

Unwanted Child (Faber, 7s. 6d.), by a medical man, Mr. Peter Gordon, deals with the subject of abortion. Removing a growth from a woman who had been told she could not bear children, a doctor discovers she is three months pregnant in circumstances where the husband could not be the father of the child. Mr. Gordon, outlining all the possible ways in which doctor, patient, and the other parties concerned can handle the situation, reveals how unsatisfactory is both the law and the present attitude in regard to abortion. The Church appears in the person of a Jesuit priest, and it cannot be said that its "reaction" is any more satisfying than that of the law. With the acknowledged large number of illegal and unskilled abortions in this and every country in mind, it is more than time that the conscience of the community was stirred on this question.

Most British visitors to the United States have been impressed by the Community Chest method of raising money for charities, and wondered how soon it would be adopted in their own country. An examination of the method is provided by Mr. J. P. Brander's *The Community Chest and Chest Council System. Central Financing and Planning of Charities* (Allen & Unwin, 2s.).

Because we believe Canada is certain to play a central part in the world of tomorrow we asterisk Mr. B. K. Sandwell's **Canada* (Oxford Press, 2s. 6d.), for ministers, we fear, share the general ignorance of the Dominion. This readable and lucid summary of Canada's history, constitution, and politics is admirably done; if the other volumes in "The World of To-day" series reach the same standard, it will be exceptionally useful. The American volume, Prof. D. W. Brogan's **U.S.A.: An Outline of the Country, Its People and Institutions*, is also an unusually fine piece of work. If you want to know the Constitution and the Twenty-One Amendments, the number of foreign-born residents or the fate of the Indians, they are to be found in the Appendix. If you want to know about politics and religion, the press and education, there are well-informed chapters, while about diversions, baseball and boxing, football and the films, Prof. Brogan has a more intimate and detailed knowledge than a respectable Professor of Political Science has any business to have! In the same series is Mr. C. J. Hitch's *America's Economic Strength*, which has some revealing graphs. As if to deal with *South America* in this series were not a colossal task in itself, Mexico and Central America have been thrown in! Mr. J. B. Trend makes an audacious attempt, and not altogether without success, even though "Literature and Arts" have been included. The maps are specially good. In the "Current Problems" series (Cambridge Press, 3s. 6d.) Prof. Brogan's *Politics and Law in the United States* is a lucid account of the Constitution, and of the functions of the President, Congress, the Supreme Court, and the Parties, Dr. H. V. Routh's *The Diffusion of Culture*, a rather heavy-footed discussion of "A Problem of Post-War Reconstruction", and Mr. Reginald Lennard's *Democracy: The Threatened Foundations*, a clear and convincing exposition of Lincoln's "of the People, by the People, for the People", and an account of the forces which at present menace democracy.

It is well that Lord Newton has printed the extracts from his diary collected in *Retrospection* (Murray, 15s.), for they will remain on record as a revelation of a type which is rapidly disappearing. After Eton and Christ Church and early experience in the diplomatic service, Legh was elected to the House of Commons, succeeding his father in the Lords in 1898. The diary carries us down to 1919, when Lord Newton led the Lords to a victory over the Government of the day on the Aliens Bill, one of the instances where a Second Chamber proved advantageous. He held a minor post in the Coalition Government from 1915, and had charge of the Prisoners of War Department, concerning his administration of which he secured £5,000 damages from the *Daily Mail*. This summary will serve to prove that Lord Newton's career reveals ability, pertinacity and courage, though at times in the diary his main interests seem to be fishing, shooting, and travel, rather than politics. "Hardly probable" for "highly probable" appears on p. 193.

There are many glimpses of life in Parliament and in country houses, and of most of the leading politicians of the period, the whole making a readable volume. One story may be quoted: Lord Darnley, showing a Royal visitor a portrait of Mary of Modena in his house at Cobham, re-

marked, "There, Sir, is one of your ancestresses", and received the reply, "Really, how very interesting! I never realized before that the Stuart family and the Virgin Mary were related to each other". Evidently Modena and Madonna were to him synonymous.

Before we noticed the title of Mr. Alexander Gammie's new book on the Orphan Homes of Scotland the word "romantic" had come into our minds, and *A Romance of Faith* (Pickering, 2s. 6d.) is indeed an accurate description. Some years ago we warmly commended Mr. Gammie's biography of William Quarrier, now out of print. Since then we have had the pleasure of visiting the Homes and speaking to the marvellous congregation of children; with all the more interest have we read of William Quarrier's work, which is now carried on by Dr. James Kelly. The homes, with the Sanatorium and the Epileptic Colony, now occupy 98 Buildings and nearly 400 acres. The income is nearly £100,000 a year, and since the work began in 1871 over £3,000,000 has been received, without appeals, but in response to faith and prayer. Over 21,000 children have passed through the homes, and over 10,000 persons have been admitted to the sanatorium. Mr. Gammie has a wonderful story to tell, and tells it well; his book is a real "cordial for drooping spirits".

Father Fergal McGrath's *Father John Sullivan, S.J.* (Longmans, 8s. 6d.) is the biography of one Jesuit by another. We confess that we find John Sullivan a baffling character. Son of a Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he became a Roman Catholic at the age of 35, and subsequently lived a life of great austerity, eating little, taking no care for his health or comfort, and spending most of his time, by night as by day, in prayer. He died in 1933, leaving behind a reputation for saintliness, so that

there was a continual stream of clergy and laity touching the body with rosaries and other pious objects. The nuns of a Carmelite Convent rang up and asked for a bit of bandage stained with blood from the operation. Some of the hospital students were found cutting off pieces of his hair.

Sullivan believed in holy water and relics, and both before and after his death his own relics were used to effect cures—it seems clear from the Appendix, "Favours after Death", a list of cures wrought by prayers to him, that an effort is to be made to secure his beatification.

To the ordinary person Sullivan's life will appear thoroughly morbid, and unhealthy; the psychoanalyst will have his own way of explaining it. Nevertheless there is nothing in the summary of Sullivan's teaching given in the book to account for his undoubted influence; probably his humility and his faith together explain it.

Is it surly and ungracious for a reviewer to point out that in a paragraph which contains a too generous reference to himself the names of three people are wrongly given? We should refrain from doing so were it not that this carelessness marks the whole of Mr. Sidney Dark's *Not Such a Bad Life* (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 15s.). Mr. Dark evidently trusted others to read the proofs of the *Church Times*; he has done the same in this racy autobiography, and has been badly let down: the same name is spelt differently within four lines, the names of Mr. Dark's friends frequently disguised, and who would recognize the eminent Methodist "Rank" as "Root"? Mr. Dark has been one of the outstanding journalists and clubmen of our day; he is a man of the world who has edited with conspicuous success an Anglo-Catholic weekly; in the world of the stage and in the world of letters, as well as on Fleet Street and in the Church, he has met many people worth knowing. The social reformer who

would organize life—the “Webbist” is Mr. Dark’s term—is his *bête noire*, the man who enjoys his cakes and ale his hero. He has many prejudices, and expresses them forcibly, and so his book contains many candid descriptions of persons and many vivid accounts of events: *Black Record* is “an evil and stupid book”; and on the next page we have the

obvious incompetence of MacDonald, the smug complacency of Baldwin, . . . and the cowardice of Simon, the most futile Foreign Secretary for generations.

This will sufficiently indicate that there is much entertainment to be found in this story of a full life.

All who see that the anthology *At Odd Moments* (Oxford Press, 5s.) has been made by Mr. Bernard Darwin will be assured of many pleasant moments. True, they will—naturally—miss some of their own favourites, and maybe they will be disappointed with some of the rarer items, but there is much to please, and not least three of Mr. Darwin’s own pieces. Dickens, as we might expect, appears most often, with George Borrow in the second place; and there is delight for lovers of sport as for lovers of letters.

We must say that we like very much the “Britain in Pictures” series (Collins, 3s. 6d. each): the format is attractive and the reproductions, in colour or in black and white, pleasing. Three of the series lie before us—Dr. Ernest Barker’s *British Statesmen*, Mr. Edmund Blunden’s *English Villages*, and Dr. R. McNair Wilson’s *British Medicine*. All make good reading, though we are surprised to find Dr. Barker spelling W. E. Forster’s name wrongly, and we certainly cannot allow him to claim H. H. Asquith for his native Lancashire.

It would have been better had Dr. Arnold Gesell allowed the “diary account of a child who was reared by a wolf and who then lived for nine years in the Orphanage of Midnapore in the province of Bengal” to speak for itself. The diary was kept by the Rev. J. A. L. Singh (irritatingly called “the Rev. Singh” by Dr. Gesell), the missionary who with his wife cared for the child, and *Wolf Child and Human Child* (Methuen, 6s.) dresses it in ponderous psychological jargon. Kamala died in 1929 at the age of 17, when she had reached the mental capacity of the normal child of 3½. We shall look for the diary, which we gather is some time to be printed.

John Oxenham’s clean healthy novels and his spirited verse have helped many, and it is with regret that we receive his last book, *Out of the Body* (Longmans, 3s. 6d.), with which his daughter Erica’s name is associated. This “Plain Man’s Parable of the Life to Come” describes Heaven as “a new beginning leading to still other new beginnings . . . the natural fulfilment—the working out to its highest possible degree—of the Lord’s Prayer”.

Mr. W. Riley can tell a story, and *Common Clay* (Jenkins, 7s. 6d.) is as good as anything he has written. Mr. Riley’s sentiment never becomes sloppy, nor his humour cheap, and this picture of Yorkshire life will win the approval of his wide circle of readers.

Even if we were not told we should know from internal evidence that Mr. Alex. Comfort’s *No Such Liberty* (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d.) was the work of a young man. It has youth’s faults, and youth’s promise, and a sturdy indignation at injustice and folly that sometimes leads to loss of a sense of proportion. In ten years’ time Mr. Comfort will be able to write a novel—there are two conspicuous precursors writing at present—which will leave no doubt of his acquaintance with medical practice and hospital

life without the need of constant technical terms. The picture of fear working on the lives of men is well done, and shows Mr. Comfort's gifts; we cannot but think, however, ashamed as we must be at the panic internment of friendly aliens and at much of their treatment, that the picture here is overdrawn. Mr. Comfort can tell a story, and we hope he will go ahead. And, after all, fiction has been used ere this as reform propaganda.

EDITOR.

The Impulse to Dominate (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d.) is the not very happy title of a very important and most interesting book. Its author is Mr. D. W. Harding, of the Psychological laboratory connected with Liverpool University, and it is obvious that he is well equipped for the difficult task he has undertaken. This is no less than a comprehensive study of war in all its aspects from the psychological standpoint. War is to be regarded, not as something altogether *sui generis*, but as "an extreme form of a mode of social behaviour that is widely accepted as inevitable". Hence the ordinary citizen is responsible for it, "for it only extends and intensifies a type of behaviour that he sanctions in every other part of his life". At the root of it is the impulse to dominate. Though the yielding to it is a social regression, war is in a large measure a cultural product and gives release from the pressure of many needs, not least among them being the sense of social and economic insecurity. From this starting-point Mr. Harding goes on to discuss the varied impacts of war on society and on the individual. He has much to say on the means by which acquiescence in war is won by propaganda, rationalization, and the like. He deals with war as a cultural product, with the compensations it brings and with the evils it causes, all of which create "a creeping sense of its pointlessness". He points the way to real peace, which must be something more than a mere cessation of strife. It can only come about by abandoning domination and securing a better integration of men and of society. It is all very well argued out, but it leaves unanswered the supreme question as to how this better mood is to be brought about. Mr. Harding has nothing to say about religion, but he still leaves it open for us to believe that no permanent peace is possible "unless the principles of the Christian religion are made the foundation of national policy and of all social life".

W. B. SELBIE.

The Rev. John Kearney's *As I Have Loved You* (Burns, Oates, 7s.) follows the method of his previous book, *Learn Of Me*, which was reviewed here. This last book of Father Kearney's is a detailed examination of the words of Christ, "This is My commandment, That ye love one another as I have loved you". The first part is a gathering of material for meditation on "How God loves us"; the second part deals with "How we should love one another". The chapters give much practical guidance on the best way to the meaning of Christ's words by thought and prayer; each chapter ends with a number of points for prayer. This is a book to be used devotionally, working through it by stages; and with such a use of it the book will be found a profitable study. The theology is that of the Roman Catholic Church; in its main appeal the book will be helpful to many others as well.

The Rev. R. H. Andrews's *Peace for all Time* (S.P.C.K., 2s. 6d.) is a book on prayer as the secret of that inward peace of heart and mind which nothing can disturb. There are useful chapters on the aim of prayer, on recollection, and on effective intercession. Perhaps the key to the author's view may be found in his words, "To contemplate God is to open the doors of our being to the recreating power of the love of God". The reader will find here a good deal of help in the more mystical use of prayer. At the end of the book is a chapter on corporate prayer.

Mgr. J. Messenger's *Man's Suffering and God's Love*, and Dom Bruno Webb's *Why does God permit Evil?* are both in the *Present Problems Series* (Burns, Oates, 3s. 6d. each, 2s. paper). They deal with questions which it is very hard to answer. These are both of them very good as far as they go, and from their own point of view; but the man who cannot accept the ecclesiastical background is left with much that still puzzles him. When all is said and done we only see through a glass darkly, and know but in part. Faith has its place, and will have it unto the end.

Archdeacon Guillebaud's *Some Moral Difficulties of the Bible* (Inter-Varsity Fellowship, 3s. 6d.) seems to raise as many questions as it sets out to answer. To those who accept a "Fundamentalist" position the discussion will be more satisfactory than to those taking a less traditional view. Among the difficulties considered are such questions as the problem of suffering, why God favoured the Jews, and several of the standing Old Testament difficulties. Two chapters deal with predestination, and another chapter with the imprecatory Psalms; and in the New Testament with the cursing of the fig-tree. The book would have more value if it were less tied to bygone ways.

Miss Bertha B. Bailly says that many of the verses in her *The World's First Tragedy* (Daniel, 3s. 6d.) were written during the last war. They are published now in the hope that others will find pleasure in reading them, and with a desire to bring release to readers in these days of stress and strain. These are laudable aims and deserve every success.

A. T. S. JAMES.

LECTURES, PAMPHLETS, ETC.

DR. J. O. F. MURRAY'S *The Origin and Meaning of the Lord's Teaching in Prayer* (103 Abbey House, Westminster, 6d.) is a helpful exposition of the Lord's Prayer. Why is it that on opening it our eyes lighted immediately on "Jesus" for "Jesus"? *The Church Looks Ahead* (Faber, 3s. 6d.): broadcast talks by J. H. Oldham (two, published separately), M. B. Reckitt, Philip Mairet, Dorothy L. Sayers, M. C. D'Arcy, V. A. Demant, and T. S. Eliot. *Revelation and Inspiration* (Inter-Varsity Fellowship of Evangelical Unions, 6d.) is an abridgment of ten of the papers in Dr. B. B. Warfield's volume with that title (1927). Dr. W. W. Greg's *Ronald Brunlees McKerrow, 1872-1940* (Oxford Press, 2s. 6d.), a discriminating account of a great bibliographer, is reprinted from the *Proceedings of the British Academy*. Sir Walter Langdon-Brown's Linacre Lectures, *From Witchcraft to Chemotherapy* (Cambridge Press, 2s.), makes fascinating reading. It is a heartening account of the growth of medical knowledge. No one is better qualified to speak on the Colonial question than Lord Hailey, and his Romanes Lecture, *The Position of Colonies in a British Commonwealth of Nations* (Oxford Press, 2s.), will repay attention. Ministers should acquaint themselves with the County Badge Scheme, an outline of which is to be found in *The County Badge or the Fourfold Achievement* (Oxford Press, 6d.).

PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The London Quarterly and Holborn (Oct.). The outstanding article is the Rev. H. S. Darby's "Plea for Pastoralia". The Rev. R. G. Burnett's "The Courage of Hugh Walpole" and Dr. Lofthouse's searching "Intercommunion and Reunion", to which we should like to see the Anglican reply, are well worth reading. Most, if not all, the other contributors are Methodists, Mr. B. L. Manning being an exception.

The Hibbert Journal (Oct.). Of the most important article, Col. Mozley's "Religious Liberty and the B.B.C.", we write in the Editorial. We found the opening articles rather dull, but Dr. E. L. Allen's "Suggestions for a Revised Christology"

and Mr. A. R. Cripps's "A Layman Studies St. Paul" were refreshing. Dr. Sparrow-Simpson's "The Silence of the N.T." merely proves that the argument from silence cuts both ways, while leaving us altogether unconvinced on most of the examples he cites. Dr. Mellone surveys recent philosophical and theological literature.

The Baptist Quarterly (Oct.). An interesting number. The Rev. Gwilym O. Griffith writes in his usually lively fashion on "Young Mr. Wells Anticipates", looking back to Mr. Wells's writings forty years ago. Dr. William Robinson on the Sacraments, Dr. L. G. Champion on "The Preaching Baronet" (Egerton Leigh), Dr. W. T. Whitley on "The Tune Book of 1791", and Dr. H. H. Rowley on "An Anthropologist and Baptist Missions" (Dr. Von Fürer-Haimendorf) are the main articles.

The Layman (Oct.). Mr. F. E. Hemmens's "Get Some of the Leading Laymen" and the Rev. Henry Cook's account of London Baptist Churches during the War are both useful.

The Modern Churchman (Sept.-November). The Editorial is alive as generally, and supports Col. Mozley's proposals *re* the B.B.C. Dr. W. F. Lofthouse writes suggestively on "The Sovereign State and Christianity", Dr. C. J. Wright on Comenius, and Dr. E. L. Allen on "The Significance of the Wisdom Literature". Canon Guy Rogers's "Reunion: Defeat or a New Offensive" is outspoken and courageous.

Expository Times (Oct.-Dec.). Dr. F. J. Badcock and Prof. R. H. Lightfoot write against and for Form Criticism. Prof. Allan Barr discusses the interpretation of the Parables. Dr. Vincent Taylor's "Is it possible to write a Life of Christ?" and the Rev. Stewart Mechie's "The Profit Motive and Public Ownership" are well worth reading.

Friends' Quarterly Examiner (Tenth Month). "From the House of the Four Winds" shows from Mr. Rowntree's new survey of York the extent of social progress. There are refreshing papers "By High Road and Country Lane". Arthur Rowntree continues his account of a schoolmaster's life, R. R. Dale has a searching comment on "The Place of Friends' Schools in the Educational System", and W. Hope-Jones's "Eugenics and Religion" shows that Quaker losses by deaths are exceeding the intake by births.

The Evangelical Quarterly (Oct.). The main articles are Mr. F. F. Bruce's "Babylon and Rome", the Rev. D. B. Knox's "The Date of Galatians", and the Rev. A. W. H. Moule's "Leading Factors in the Study of History".

The Common Room (Nov.). The Editorial of this live little journal of the Educational Settlements Association is vigorous and pertinent. There are some good short articles too.

Religion in Education (Oct.). The Editor writes on "The Christian Prospect in Education", Canon Cockin on "Why Christian Education Matters", and Mr. John Wishart on "Religious Education: The Position in Scotland". Most of the remaining articles deal with practical aspects of Scripture teaching.

International Review of Missions (Oct.). An informing number. Dr. M. S. Bates discusses "The Sino-Japanese War and the Christian Movement in China", the Rev. J. W. C. Dougall "Colonial Policy and the Christian Conscience", Dr. C. W. Iglehart "Japanese Christians in Crisis", and Dr. Paton "Towards Unity in India". Three Congregational Missionary Secretaries have contributions—the Rev. Nelson Bitton writes on Cheng Ching-yi, the Rev. T. Cocker Brown on "Moral Conditions among the Bantu", and the Rev. G. E. Phillips on "The Younger Churches Help the Older".

World Dominion (Sept.-Dec.). Two interesting issues, with news from all parts of the world, articles by Mr. S. H. Moore ("In a Teacher's Workshop"), Mr. C. S. Lewis ("Religion: Reality or Substitute?"), Dr. K. S. Latourette ("What Is Christianity?"), and an account of Niemöller in prison and concentration camp.

Religion and Life (Autumn). The best of a dozen entertaining articles are the Rev. R. L. Dicks's "Religion and Health", Dr. D. E. Trueblood's "The Meeting-house", and Dr. E. E. Aubrey's "Do or Die: The 'Christian' Colleges". Dr. Schroeder surveys the quarter's fiction, and Dr. J. S. Bonnell describes his recent visit to Britain.

The Review and Expositor (Oct.). 50 pp. of book reviews. An English contribution is Dr. W. T. Whitley's "The Apostolic Band". The Rev. T. Thompson writes on "Some Basic Concepts of Augustine".

Theological Studies (Sept.). Many of the articles once more deal with aspects of the teaching of Aquinas. Father J. J. Collins's summary study of Form Criticism, Father McClellan's "Anglican Theories of Infallibility", and Father Ring's "A Searcher finds only a Finite God" (an examination of Dr. E. S. Brightman's *A Philosophy of Religion*) will be read with interest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE COLLAPSE OF HUMANISM—AND WHAT NEXT?"

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

I read with agreement the first portion of Mr. Guntrip's article (XIX. 110-117). He hardly, however, succeeds in carrying one with him when outlining his constructive plan for the future. He ends his article by suggesting that the re-building of European civilization depends on "the recovery of the Christian faith by the masses of the people of Europe". He had, nevertheless, earlier admitted that, under the influence of the Renaissance and modern science, Europe had been switched over from the acknowledged leadership of Christian morals to "a radically different faith, Humanism". In view of this present-day repudiation of Christianity, it is thus clear that the restoring of the principles of our Lord, even if successful, could not guarantee to them the enduring stability for which we all crave. One collapse of Christianity may conceivably herald another. Man may thus be doomed to a switchback course of history, in which case Christ's petition, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven", would become a slowly retreating mirage. Even if one assume that man's progress is in the form of a spiral, one cannot assume a rising, without having to face the possibility of a falling-spiral.

May I, however, take the liberty of suggesting two other courses open to mankind, one or other of which, I feel, is far more probable than the interminable process implied by Mr. Guntrip? The present murderous development of mechanical warfare will not cease. The one course then is that we must face an ever-increasing reign of savagery in which every devilish invention of modern science can be harnessed to the passions of a maddened and fear-ridden world. This is undeniably the dread which haunts the mind of every thinker with the horror of a nightmare. The very terror of this fate certainly throws into striking relief the only remaining course we can imagine. We can take hope from the Scriptural forecast of an irruption into the plane of human history, of the activity of a beneficent Father's will, Who, faced with the increasing insensate folly of His children, at long last cries, "Enough", and Who then breaks through into our present world order and establishes in its place His long-promised Kingdom of Heaven. Its exact form of presentation, as of its founding, are secondary: we are dealing with its broad possibility as logically conceivable. The essential point is that we must see beyond Mr. Guntrip's conclusion. It is not sufficient to *restore* Christianity, but, as the author unconsciously implies, we must *stabilize* the Christian faith in the hearts of men—a far more difficult task. We must envisage the world-wide rule of Christ, *the enduring nature of which does not rest any longer on the will of man but on the will of God.*

A strange conclusion would thus seem to be forced upon us. The power of the Holy Spirit, while it has undeniably secured the spread of the Christian faith throughout the world, does not seem to have been sufficiently powerful to guarantee its full and abiding acceptance by men. Has the Church grasped this as a truth? Or, are we mistaken? Must we conclude that more is needed? It would seem so. Jesus certainly implied as much. If this be true, then, however it be accomplished, He must again re-enter the stream of human history. There would seem no other course open. But this time He must, of necessity, be vested with the authority of a King among kings, exercising His former dynamic moral and spiritual power, but this time from a world-wide throne. Further, and again this is the critical

point, He must give us some abiding, personal manifestation of Himself, or guarantee of His continued authority, of greater potency and wider range than man has ever known, or any human being may dare claim.

It would seem that logically one or another of the three courses above outlined should be fearlessly faced by the Christian thought of the hour. It is, of course, needless to add which of the three comes nearest to the penetrative vision of our Lord.

Yours faithfully,

EDWIN E. LE BAS.

BERNARD LORD MANNING.

THE sad news of the death of Mr. B. L. Manning, of Jesus College, Cambridge, and a member of our Editorial Board, would come as a shock to many of our readers, though not to his friends, who knew the heavy physical handicap under which he had laboured for many years. In him English Congregationalism loses its most brilliant scholar, and one who was proud to stand as a representative of Congregationalism in the University to which he belonged. Mr. Manning's intellectual gifts were allied with a humble spirit and with a devotion to the Church of Christ which found expression in manifold service. His appearances on the platform—or in the pulpit—were as welcome as the sight of his name on the printed page, for he had always something worth while to say, and a way of saying it entirely *sui generis*, enlivened by apt allusion and salted with wit. His learning was both wide and deep, alike of the medieval period and the history of Nonconformity. In hymnology he took a special interest, and among his last tasks were to prepare a volume of his papers on this subject and to write for our pages a review of Dr. Rattenbury's recent book.

The volume, *Essays in Orthodox Dissent*, was the expression of a great affection for the Nonconformist history and tradition. Who that heard it can forget the filial tribute he paid at the Union Meetings at Bradford to one who had been the best type of Congregational minister? On the same occasion was a characteristic episode. Bernard Manning believed that hymns should be sung to the praise and glory of God, and it was interesting to watch his face when "O beautiful, our country" was announced. He was silent for a time, then he began to sing. When rallied about this, he replied, "Yes, it was a conflict between my conscience and my churchmanship, and my churchmanship won". Manning was a great churchman and a great Christian. We can ill spare him, and we shall not see his like again. With deep affection we write this hasty tribute just as these pages leave the press. To his sisters, the College which he served, and his churches—Emmanuel, Cambridge, and far-away Ravenstonedale—we offer our respectful sympathy as we give God thanks for our colleague, comrade, and friend.